

No. 1

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The GRAPHIC

August 1, 1918

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

CHILDRESS—LAPP. Mrs. Clarence P. Childress announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Clara Childress, to Mr. Arthur Lapp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Lapp, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Childress and her daughter are from New York.

JOYCE—SPEAR. Mrs. Stephen Gregory Joyce, of Hollywood, has formally announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Susanne Marie Joyce, to Mr. Howard Winthrop Spear, of Seattle, Washington. The wedding will take place this month.

MULLEN—MURPHY. Miss Catherine Mullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Mullen, of 4927 Rosewood avenue, Los Angeles, to Mr. Daniel Francis Murphy, of San Francisco. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

ELICOTT—WATSON. Miss Priscilla Ellicott, daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. M. Ellicott of Mare Island, to Captain Thomas Eugene Watson, U. S. M. C., now stationed at Santo Domingo. The wedding is scheduled to take place September 18 in the Southern Republic.

WEDDINGS

BALLARD—JENNISON. Miss Lucille Ballard, daughter of Mrs. V. Ballard Giles, of 500 South Kingsley Drive, and Mr. Ralph D. Jennison, of New York. The wedding took place Wednesday, July 31.

LOCKWOOD—MORROW. Miss Marviel Lockwood, of Hollywood, and Lieutenant Paul Morrow, the wedding taking place in Hollywood Saturday morning, July 20. Lieutenant Morrow and his bride left immediately for Washington, D. C., the young officer having received orders to report there for war service.

CALHOUN—MCCOOL. Miss Marguerite Calhoun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Calhoun, and Mr. George McCool, of Kansas City. After a honeymoon in the west the couple will reside in Kansas City.

MCVEY—MILLER. Miss Eugenia McVey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McVey, of 229 North Western avenue, and Mr. George De Forest Miller, also of Los Angeles. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. Immediately after the services Mr. and Mrs. Miller left on their honeymoon trip to New York.

HOLMAN—BARRY. Mrs. Petty Holman and Mr. Tom Barry. The marriage took place at Mission Inn in Riverside. After a honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Barry will be at home to their friends at 810 Kenmore avenue, Los Angeles.

WILSON—DAVIS. Miss Elma Isabel Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wilson, of 935 South Mariposa avenue, and Mr. Hudson Taylor Davis. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, with the Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, of Immanuel Presbyterian church, reading the service.

POWELL—GLADNEY. Miss Dorothy Powell, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Weston Powell, of 698 South Ardmore avenue, and Lieutenant John Bonner Gladney, of New Orleans. The marriage was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal church, with the rector, Rev. George Davidson, reading the service.

BOAL—CALDWELL. Miss Bertha Boal, daughter of Mrs. J. R. Boal, of 345 West Avenue Fifty-three, became the bride of Mr. Fred Benton Caldwell, of La Crescenta, a fortnight ago, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, at the home of the bride's mother.

YARBROUGH—BALDWIN. Miss Marion Yarbrough, daughter of Mrs. F. Yarbrough, of 1113 Marion avenue, and Mr. Frederick Monford Baldwin, son of the late Dr. H. S. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, of 1267 North Western avenue. The Rev. J. Arthur Evans, of St. Stephens Episcopal church, of Hollywood, performed the ceremony.

MOLLISON—DICK. Miss Claire Mollison, daughter of Mrs. Louis Valentine Bruns, of 1525 North Kingsley Drive, and Mr. James B. Dick, of San Francisco. The marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Valentine Bruns a fortnight ago. Mr. and Mrs. Dick will make their home in San Francisco.

MYERS—ROHRER. Miss Helen W. Myers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Myers, of 311 West Avenue 66, and Mr. Ralph W. Rohrer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rohrer, of Long Beach. The wedding took place in the gardens of the bride's parent's home, Wednesday evening, July 29. The young couple will make their home at Long Beach.

VALK—WILSON. Miss Edith Valk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Valk, of 1942 Orchid avenue, and Mr. John Wilson. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, with the Rev. Herbert Murkett officiating. After September 1 the young couple will make their home at 1142 La Brea avenue.

ANDERSON—POWERS. Miss Metta Anderson, daughter of Mrs. Mary Carstens, of 510 North Virgil street, and Mr. Earl D. Powers, son of Mrs. Ida M. Powers, of 1345 Alvarado street. Mr. Powers has been stationed at Camp Kearny, but expects to leave shortly for service overseas.

COOKE—WASEM. Miss Claire Louise Cooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio G. Cooke, of 212 North Manhattan place, and Mr. Lester Le Grande Waseem. Following a honeymoon trip to Catalina, Mr. and Mrs. Waseem will reside in Los Angeles.

HINES—NEWMAN. Miss Marjorie Hines, daughter of Mrs. Fred A. Hines, of 1834 West Eleventh street, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Maurice Marshall Newman, son of Mrs. Lewis B. Newman, of Minneapolis, Minn. The wedding took place at St. Vibiana's Cathedral, Tuesday morning, July 23, with Monsignor Harnett officiating.

MASTERMAN—MCKINNIE. Miss Lois Masterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Masterman, of Blythe, and Mr. Hugh McKinnie. The marriage took place at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKinnie, of St. Andrews place, July 17.

BIRTHS

Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Byron Barnes, of Whittier, upon the arrival of a dainty little daughter, born to them a fortnight or so ago. Mrs. Barnes, nee Cockey, was well known in Cincinnati and San Francisco before coming to Whittier.

Mrs. Andrew Baldwin is receiving the congratulations of friends upon the arrival of a baby daughter, born to her and Lieutenant Baldwin upon their first wedding anniversary. Mrs. Baldwin, was formerly Miss Jane Richardson. Lieutenant Baldwin, who has been ill for several weeks, is still at Waynesville, N. C., in the general hospital.

(Continued on page 26)

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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ELBRIDGE D. RAND - - - - - Publisher
ALFRED L. FENTON - - - - - General Manager
WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor

Vol. 53

AUGUST 1, 1918

No. 1

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Publishers' Announcement

Copyright 1918, by E. D. Rand

THE GRAPHIC is published on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month at 424 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, one year \$4.00; six months \$2.25; three months \$1.25; single copies 15 cents. Sample copies free on application. Postage addressed to Canada or Mexico \$1.00 per year additional and to all other countries \$2.00 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is requested both the new and old address should be given. Two weeks' notice is requested either for changing an address or starting a new subscription.

Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic Telephones; 10965; Broadway 6486.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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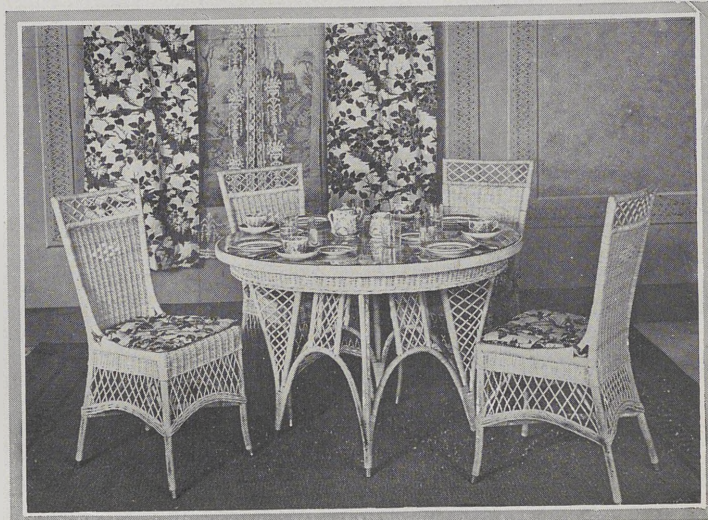
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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. J. H. W. MYERS AND DAUGHTER, MISS LAURA MYERS

THE FORMER IS ONE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC WAR WORKERS, DEVOTING MUCH OF HER TIME TO THE RED CROSS CHAPTER HOUSE ACTIVITIES, WHILE MISS MYERS, A GRADUATE OF MARLBOROUGH, IS ONE OF THE CHARMING MEMBERS OF LOS ANGELES' YOUNGER SET

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE NATIONAL UNIVERSAL Military Training Bill, which during the action of many sessions has struggled for recognition by the House of Representatives, is scheduled for final consideration at this session of Congress. It is more than a war or military measure. It must appeal to parents as a medium for the greater physical and moral betterment of our boys. Three to six months passed in the army training camps have been a conclusive proof to the men in training and to the nation at large that had universal military training been established years ago our boys would have been fit and ready to do their share in "winning the war" without the months of intensive preparation that has been necessary before they were in readiness for service in France. And if the red-blooded men and women, today sacrificing their sons in the great maelstrom of a "made-in-Germany" war, do not demand such training, they must, perhaps, look ahead to seeing their grandsons and the lads of the next generation, fighting in just such a conflict as is raging today. For the demon of German greed can be held in check in the future, only by the fear of an overwhelming strength and preparedness against him. Let the public interest in national preparedness lapse again into its former apathy after this war, and Germany, lying in apparent submission to her defeat, will, as she did after the Franco-Prussian war, gather her strength again for another and another blow, striking at a time when our present defenses have become decadent and our man-power at ebbing strength. The American Union Against Militarism, a body of pacifists, has just been re-organized with the avowed purpose of fighting the amendment and the Chamberlain bill for a permanent system, when it comes up for action. It is understood that the above union is fully financed. It, therefore, is up to the friends of universal military training to get behind the National Defense League and support it to the limit of their ability. J. C. Drake, president of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, and presiding officer of the National Defense League, Southern California division, in urging all supporters of universal military training to rally to the fore, asks that every member of the League and every friend of universal military training, whether a member of the League or not, write to his or her congressman and the California senators, requesting that they give the bill their active support and insure its passage at the forthcoming session of Congress.

THIS WEEK THE GRAPHIC devotes some space to the motion picture industry, one of the most important industries of Southern California. There are indications that the demand for motion pictures is declining. A meeting of exhibitors was held in this city recently to discuss the question of what to do to stop the falling off in attendance at the picture theaters, which was said to be showing a forty per cent fall. THE GRAPHIC presents, in an unbiased manner, two phases of the matter. One article in this issue goes into the matter from the standpoint of the scenario editor; the matter of better scenarios, and the tone of the plays presented; the other from the standpoint of the producer; the matter of better productions. The answer to the question at issue—how to keep up the attendance at motion picture theaters—may not be answered in either or both articles. But agitation of the subject cannot do any harm to the industry of making pictures, and THE GRAPHIC hopes that it may do good. This industry has become altogether too valuable to Southern California for us to lose interest in it.

THE ALLIED WAR Exhibit, which is to be given at the Exposition Grounds in Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Committee of Public Information of the United States Government, from August 1 to 11, presents an opportunity for the people of the city to

see the trophies and the implements of war captured and collected on the battlefields of Belgium, Italy, France, Turkey and the Holy Land. Among the things that will be exhibited is the original 30-ton tank Britannia, the first of its kind to strike for Democracy in No-Man's-Land. Officers of all of the Allied Armies will be present at the exhibit to explain to the people the uses of the various implements and the tank will be operated twice daily by the very officers who manned it in action in France.

THE VISALIA TIMES, commenting on a speech made in Visalia by Francis J. Heney, says that Mr. Heney's address was mostly confined to a history of his career as a public prosecutor, in which the pronoun "I" appeared not more than once in every three words. Now, if this is true, and we have no reason to doubt the veracity of the editor of the Visalia Times, what can be the matter with Mr. Heney? Is he losing his "punch;" is he permitting Tommy Woolwine to get his goat; that he should make a speech and use the personal pronoun no more than once in every three words? My, my, but these candidates are having some hard sledding this time; are they not?

SHERILL B. OSBORNE, son of Congressman H. Z. Osborne, who is a candidate for supervisor in the district which embraces Hollywood, and a number of the motion picture studios, where hundreds of people engaged in the motion picture industry live, has announced that he is taking a deep interest in this industry, and the people engaged in it, and has some definite ideas in regard to the needs of the men who are spending millions of dollars in Los Angeles every year, to the great benefit of all the people of Southern California. As supervisor, if elected, he will find an opportunity to help in bringing this great industry up to the standard it should have in the business world.

THE POLITICAL POT is beginning to boil. It was simmering when Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, jumped into the fight, wanting the Republican nomination for Governor of California, and making a direct bid for the votes that some few deluded politicians think Senator Hiram Johnson has got sewed up in a sack. But it started boiling when J. O. Hayes, also seeking the Republican nomination, toured Southern California, and William D. Stephens, Governor at present, signed a reprieve for Mooney. This action of Stephens would seem to be for the benefit of Hayes; at least it ought to help him greatly.

THERE APPEARS to be little chance for any other candidate for sheriff in Los Angeles county to take this office away from John C. Cline, the incumbent. Sheriff Cline is so well, and so favorably, known to the people of the county, and his record has been so good, that no matter how presentable the other candidates may make themselves appear, the voters, both male and female, seem to take slight notice of them, and to cling to the idea that John C. Cline is the one man who can handle the office of sheriff.

SINCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT of Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, that he is a candidate for Governor, on the Republican ticket, the chances of Thomas Lee Woolwine for winning the Democratic nomination appear to have been enhanced greatly. Mayor Rolph will doubtless command a large number of votes of union labor men and women which might have gone to Francis J. Heney, for the Democratic nomination, had not Mayor Rolph jumped into the race at the last minute.

BY THE WAY

COLLEGE professor, lawyer, newspaper man, soldier—Captain Morgan Vining, Capt. Inf. R. C., aide-de-camp to Major General F. S. Strong, and Fortieth Division censor at Camp Kearny, is all of these and more. He is diplomat, athlete, friend to newspaper correspondents and society man. Above all else he is a soldier.

Captain Vining came to Camp Kearny last September along with one hundred and sixty other officers from Camp Travis, Texas. Immediate recognition of his abilities was given, when, shortly after his arrival, he was appointed division censor. A few weeks later he was made general's aide.

In his double capacity of aide and censor, Capt. Vining has made an enviable record for himself at Camp Kearny. He has been extremely popular, both with the military men and civilians, and on account of the insistent good will of the camp newspaper correspondents his name has appeared in the public print almost as often as that of General Strong himself. With characteristic modesty Captain Vining has shrunk from over-publicity and it is only within recent months that he has permitted himself to be called "Censor." He prefers to be known simply as adviser.

As division censor it has been Captain Vining's business for the past ten months to examine the manuscripts of newspaper men and special writers and to pass upon the credentials of persons applying for the camp press privilege. When it is remembered that the number of press representatives at the camp, including photographers, has been from twelve to twenty for the past year, the size of the captain's job can be estimated. An additional censorship duty has been that of releasing stories and news matter for publication.

In his capacity of general's aide, Capt. Vining has had a multitude of duties to which to attend, not the least of which have been those of a social nature. Whereas his days are spent behind a desk or on the drill ground his evenings have been spent at military social functions, theatre and balls. His tall, athletic figure, alert mind, and good-humored smile have made him what in vulgar parlance is known as "a lady-killer."

As an athlete Capt. Vining has made a notable reputation. He is the champion tennis player at Camp Kearny and recently he has entered the ranks of the jiu-jitsu wrestlers. His interest in camp athletics is a live one.

Capt. Vining is a graduate of the University of Texas and preceding the outbreak of war he was head of the department of public speaking at that institution. He is a member of the Delta Chi Law fraternity and for a number of years has been a member of the Texas State Bar Association. As a newspaper man he has worked on the Galveston News, the San Antonio Express and the Dallas News.

AMONG the many and various changes the war has brought about may be mentioned the change in the personnel of the—come to think of it I don't know what they are called, but what I am talking about are the men who—well, I don't even know what they do, except that they wear blue uniforms and stand at the entrance of the Alexandria Hotel. If you pass either entrance of the Alexandria at all frequently you will have noticed that the man who formerly stood at the Spring street entrance was a tall individual, of fine proportions, when encased in the uniform provided by the management of the hotel, and altogether impressive. Something that the war has occasioned has caused the disappearance of this individual, but the uniform he used to wear is there yet; still doing business at the old stand, as you might say. The spirit of conservation which has taken such a strong hold of our people, or something of the kind, has evidently been applied to the Spring street entrance to the Alexandria. Doubtless Vernon Goodwin decided some time ago to cut down on everything; not only the

sugar portions, and things like that, but everything, in an effort to conserve. So, it appears, he has cut down on the man who stood at the Spring street entrance. At any rate, so it appears, because now we have, arrayed in the same uniform a man about half the size of the man who formerly was there. And in the uniform this difference in size is noticeable. The pants evidently have been sawed off at the knees, to suit the general proportions of the man now wearing them, but the coat is still intact, or nearly so, and hangs to within about two inches of the sidewalk. The shoulders of it sag down on the individual now encased in it to about the place where his elbows are supposed to be, and in a pinch the thing could be folded around him twice and buttoned in the back—that is, if a nice neat fit was desired. It has been suggested to Mr. Goodwin that as long as he is determined to utilize the same uniform he might employ two men on the job and put them both in it. But he says that on account of the recent work

or fight ukase he cannot do that. He says he has no fear that either one of them would work, but they might get to fighting, and the job doesn't call for that. Meanwhile about sixty-two per cent of a perfectly good—not to say, resplendent—uniform, is going to waste.

MR. Charles C. Moore, of San Francisco, has been in Los Angeles for some days, re-organizing the work of the State Council of Defense, of which he is vice-president, and the general manager. And Los Angeles people have been given an opportunity to get better acquainted with him. Getting acquainted with Mr. Moore is well worth while. He is one of the big men of the state; in some respects the biggest man the state has. He was President of the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, and is the President of the C. C. Moore Company of San Francisco, which is one of the largest and most flourishing concerns on the Pacific Coast. This company builds power plants of all kinds, and now is executing several large contracts for the government, in the way of building three big oil storage plants for ships of the navy and the new commercial enterprises on the Pacific. But it is of Mr. Moore himself I want to speak, rather than of his enterprises. He is one of the most remarkable personalities I have ever come in contact with. At the very first look you have of him you get the impression of a man of big business, and yet you perceive, almost instantly, that he is very human. When you talk with him you are convinced, at once, that he is chiefly

interested in your business, and yourself, and when you get through with him and come away, you are filled with the thought that he was all wrapped up in your affairs, and had no thought of himself or his own matters. But later on you may discover that he did find out a few things during his talk with you that might bear on some matter of his own. In other words, Mr. Moore is a diplomat, and a scholar, and a gentleman. Also he is endowed with a great brain, and he has a heart. Surely here is the right man to be head of the Council of Defense in California.

THE Summer Season of the University of Southern California has been particularly successful this year. Last winter when it was announced from Berkeley that the state University was about to start a rival school in the new High School buildings on West Eleventh Street, grave doubts were felt whether there would not be a serious falling off in numbers and interest. But the activities of the rival institution seem merely to have helped the local university; and for the first time in its history the total of attendance has passed the thousand limit. Several of the classes are surprisingly large. Dr. Richard Burton has been lecturing to crowded rooms on the Bible in Literature and on American Literature, and has kept up his fine reputation as a wise and suggestive critic and thinker, with a poetic streak thrown in that is very attractive.



CAPTAIN MORGAN VINING

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MOVIES?

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

I T was lese majeste even to think of such a question, and I knew it the minute I had sprung it on one of the press agents out at Lasky's studio.

"What's the matter with the *movies*?" he echoed in a pained, incredulous tone, "Why nothing; absolutely nothing; the trouble is all with the public." And though he was very courteous when I left, I don't suppose I'll ever be allowed on the lot again.

Still, I have the inward satisfaction of knowing that I'm not the only one who has asked that question. Not very long ago, there was a meeting of the producers and exhibitors to find out why the attendance was dropping off at the local moving picture houses, and why thirty-five moving picture theaters in Los Angeles had gone out of business. They concluded that it was partially the result of a misdirected patriotism on the part of teachers in the public schools who had advised the children, and in some cases, made them promise, not to attend movies for the duration of the war in order to buy thrift stamps. Another reason, they discovered to be the war conditions in general, which kept at home the movie fans who had been "pro-bellum" patrons. So the whole situation was laid on Mars' broad shoulders, and the producers and exhibitors told the newspapers that things simply couldn't be helped—or words to that effect, and pictures couldn't expect the attendance they had once had.

But—in front of a Broadway picture palace, there was a half a block line of people waiting to buy tickets. It was a good picture, with a good star, and it played to record attendance. The war didn't seem to have any effect on that film, and I saw school teachers and school children in the line.

"How do you account for this crowd?" I asked the publicity man of that theater.

"A good picture always draws 'em," he replied laconically.

At another Broadway movie emporium, a picture was running which had been emblazoned on every billboard in town, as "A Knockout! a sensation! See the night life of the Latin Quarter!" There was a straggling handful of people oozing through the doors, either coming or going, and the publicity man stood by the box window, yawning frankly.

"What's the matter here?" I asked. "Where's your crowd?"

"War's got 'em all," he replied sourly. "Can't expect to get crowds in war time."

No one is denying, of course, that war has made a difference; it's bound to effect the film industry as well as every other phase of business. But war isn't doing it all. There are deeper underlying reasons that have been coming to a head for two years, but it has taken the sharper setback of wartime conditions to bring the producers to a realization that something is wrong.

Do you remember the first moving picture you saw? It was probably back in 1907, or thereabouts; the screen looked as if there was a perpetual rain storm going on. The plot, if there was any, was sublimely short, and you knew from the first what was going to happen. The name of the company making the picture—Selig, Vitagraph, or Lubin—was displayed prominently in every set, whether the action took place in a Fifth Avenue mansion or in the depths of the forest. The characters "registered" emotion with all the reserve and dignity of a tramp attacking a lemon pie, and ever and anon there was a pause while a sign asked the people for "Just a Moment While the Operator Changes Reels."

But you asked for nothing better. What did a plot matter, as long as the pictures actually moved? Anyone could have a plot to their liking by going to the legitimate theater. The novelty was that the "stereopticon" pictures and "dissolving views" had been superseded by pictures which moved, and so people thronged to the little "Odeon" theaters, and sat

through hour after hour of flickering film. They didn't even demand human actors in the pictures. It was marvelous to see blocks jump around, chairs disappear, and flower pots walk around the room. Anything and everything was accepted, because something new under the sun had been found.

But did the producers rest on their laurels? Not a bit of it; they realized the crudeness of the pictures, and were constantly striving for better scenarios, direction, and acting. As the art advanced, the public taste advanced with it, and moving picture houses had a mushroom growth all over the country. The industry was in its hey-day.

But now, what has happened? Is the business itself slumping? No, for new studios are going up in all parts of Southern California and in the east. Is the public tired of pictures? The record attendance at "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Cleopatra," "Joan the Woman," and the Pickford, Fairbanks, and Chaplin productions is an irrefutable negative to that. Then what is wrong?

"I'll tell you," says one of the big directors of the day, who, for "studio" reasons, doesn't want his name used, "the movies educated the people up to certain standards, then sat down on the job, kidding themselves into the belief that they were giving the public what it wanted; but the public hadn't been asleep, and it left the movies behind; so the producers for the last two years have been offering the public 1916 models when they demand 1920 models or nothing."

"When the producers got just so far, they said to themselves, 'Now, we've educated the public taste, we've paid our debt to Art, now we'll go to making money.' And they did; and the public, after getting fed up on the same old stuff handed out from picture after picture, began to intimate that they were ready for something better; the producers didn't take the hint, and ground out the 1916 models. Now the attendance begins to fall off, and the producers say, 'well, it's the war.' They have gotten so used to the Oliver Twist cry of 'More!' that they can't hear the new pass word of 'Excelsior' as the Pilgrim public climb toward higher ideals."

With so many laudable similes, metaphors, and one thing and another in the paragraph, I'd dearly love to tell you who said it, but I don't dare, for I might ask the nameless one to give me a job some day. You never can tell.

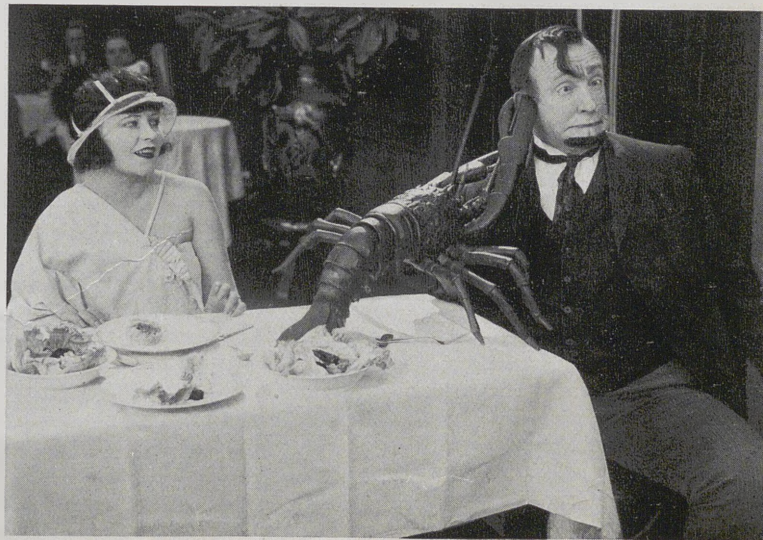
It may be that the producers of pictures are too near them to realize the faults which exist. If you are leaning up against the wall of a house, you can't see the holes in the roof. So from that standpoint, it is interesting to hear the opinion of George Fawcett, a veteran actor of twenty-eight years' experience, who has recently deserted the legitimate stage for the silver screen. As his debut into pictures, he had a luscious bit in "Hearts of the World," the solemn-eyed carpenter, whose fortune was always connected with "The Boy" and "Monsieur Cukoo." He created the part, and though small, it was one of the most delightful bits of characterization of the picture. This is what he said of the movies, as we sat in one of the big light studios at the Griffith place:

"The trouble with the movies can be summed up in one word; commercialism. The stage went through the same transition the screen in going through now; and art came out on top. Think of the vogue melodrama had; cheap, insincere stuff that people wouldn't be caught going to now; even after people commenced wanting better offerings, the managers kept on with the old stuff, because it paid—for a while. There are very few men in the business of making pictures who look beyond their pocketbooks. They are thinking, 'how much can I make out of this film,' not, 'is it worthy of my best efforts.'"

"Since coming to California to go in pictures, I've had quite an opportunity to study them from an outsider's viewpoint, and I find that most



THIS WAS COMEDY IN EARLY DAYS



THIS PASSES FOR COMEDY NOW



SOCIETY AS THE MOVIES USED TO DEPICT IT



SOCIETY AS THE MOVIES HAVE IT NOW

directors in putting through a scene, aren't thinking of the *human* side of it, it's just a film to them, and when it comes out, it's a picture—and no more. People are not moved by it, because they realize instinctively the insincerity of the treatment. Griffith does not handle scenes like that. His idea is to get the *soul* of the thing on the screen. Realism is his fetish.

"I think that better pictures will come when the public demands them; it is the scheme of evolution for things to come in that way; when the time is ripe, then comes the reform; there can be no forcing an issue, such artificial methods are useless. But as naturally as a bud opens into a flower at the proper moment, so comes each development in ethics, in culture, and in art. And it is my belief that the time is here for a great revolution in the screen world. If it has come, then it will merely be a survival of the fittest. People will like the better types of pictures, and will prove their approbation by their attendance; that will force the inferior types out of the market. Of course, people will always like different styles; there will always be room for comedy, comedy-drama, slap-stick stuff, freak pictures, and even melodrama. Public taste will always be varied enough to keep alive every worthy type of film. But the great call now is for better stories to work with, and better handling."

Fully as interesting if somewhat different in tenor, is Cecil B. De Mille's version of the screen "slump." Mr. De Mille is one of the best known directors in America, and has produced such film masterpieces as "Joan the Woman" and "The Woman God Forgot." To him is due much of the screen's advance, as he has consistently worked for art and beauty in pictures.

"The trouble is," said Mr. De Mille, "that the public hasn't been educated sufficiently to appreciate good directing. There are very few people who even know what it consists of. The director is just beginning to come into his own, and when he does, and people realize all that 'direction' implies, they will be less quick to criticize a picture from a standpoint of which they know nothing."

"One thing in the film world which I believe should be remedied, (and I have consistently worked toward that end), is the one-star system. People have passed the point where little Tottie Coughdrop can walk on with her curls and dimples and get away with five reels of nothing at all. People want to see a well balanced cast such as you'll find in big productions on the legitimate stage. For instance, in "Joan the Woman," I had Geraldine

Farrar, Wallace Reid, Tully Marshall, Charles Clary, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, and Cleo Ridgely. Now if there isn't an ensemble for you—"

"Doesn't that prove that people like the best?" I put in.

"Yes, if they know what the best is; just because a production is big, even gigantic, does not necessarily mean it is worth while from an artistic or technical standard; and as long as people compare pictures from the number of people in them (as I've heard many a movie fan do) you can't expect them to appreciate the finer qualities of the five reel features."

"To show you how we advance, and how we are always trying to give the public something better, in 'Old Wives for New' which hasn't been released out here yet, we have photographed smell. No, we don't keep it canned and open it up at each performance. The man picks up the dainty lace handkerchief that the woman (unseen) has dropped, and he gets the perfume; to show that, we have a fadeout and fadein of a field of lilies, then back to the man and the handkerchief; now that is absolutely clear to everybody, that there is lily perfume on the 'kerchief. Later, he meets this woman, and as she passes him, comes the fadeout again, and the lily field again; that establishes the relation instantly, without the use of cut-ins, or sub-titles. Of course there are faults in the movies, but we are doing our best to remedy them, and when the public begins to realize that, there will be less careless criticism."

It is the opinion of many close observers of the film industry, that too many "made" stars are causing part of the decreasing interest in pictures. While it is true that the constant re-appearance of one face, no matter how attractive, is sure to pall on the public sooner or later, and while it is true that new blood must go into the picture business, yet stars who are deliberately "made" rarely amount to anything. They are made over night, by dint of much press agenting and very little merit, are continually foisted on an unhappy public by such heraldry as "The Girl with the Dangerous Eyes," "The Marvelous Maid of the Mountains," "The Twinkling Star Discovered by Herbertstein." Such cheaply ornamented catch lines are calculated to inspire the public with a yearning to see the dangerous eyes or the marvelous mountain maid, but the alliterative seeds seem to be falling on barren ground.

Speaking of stars (real ones) calls to mind some of the things Clara
(Continued on Page 15)



A MOB SCENE OF THE OTHER DAYS



A MOB SCENE OF RECENT SHOWING

NEW BLOOD IN THE SCENARIO GAME

By WILL M. RITCHEY

Elevating the tone of moving picture plays was for a time the favorite sport of scenario editors. It came to be a great game, if we may believe the statements made in the great mass of publicity sent out from the studios. But the vast majority of the scenario editors who indulged in the playing of this game never seemed to win. At least the members of the great army of moving picture fans never took notice of any of them getting very far at it.

At one time it appeared that nine-tenths of the population of this country was engaged in the pleasant pastime of trying to write scenarios. That was some time ago. At the present time nobody is writing scenarios. What has happened? THE GRAPHIC confesses that it doesn't know. But in trying to find out it has sought information on the subject from various and sundry scenario editors, and from Mr. Will M. Ritchey, scenario editor of the American Studios, at Santa Barbara, it has secured the following article on the subject.



WILL M. RITCHEY
SCENARIO EDITOR WHO IS TRYING TO FIND BETTER SCENARIOS

“WHY is it that the film companies shun the manuscripts from new writers, and discourage them with their work?” I was asked by a prominent author the other day. “They seem only to want the material of experienced authors, which kills the spark of ambition that any new writer may have to put his thoughts into screen stories. I don’t believe that a story is read by the scenario department these days unless the reader recognizes the name of the author as a person who is well known and who has written some good things.”

The above is not the opinion of one man, but a great many, and it is for this reason that I publish it. The majority of new writers seem to think that it is no use to write scenarios for the various companies because their efforts are not wanted, which is entirely wrong. New blood is being sought in every branch of the industry from artists to authors in an effort to get a new angle on stories, because the people who pay their good money to see motion pictures are constantly demanding something new, and it is up to the film companies to supply the demand.

Writing screen stories has been simplified in order to encourage new blood to submit stories suitable for the needs of the various studios. All that is required now is a detailed synopsis of the author’s story. Not so long ago complete continuity as well as a synopsis was required on all stories submitted for approval to the scenario departments. The studios now employ experienced continuity writers who put any purchased script into the proper scenario form. In this way the author is saved a lot of tedious work, as well as a great deal of time, and this has all been done to encourage the new as well as the experienced to submit their ideas for the screen with the least possible work on their parts. This doesn’t look as if the studios were discouraging new writers, as my friend suggested, does it?

I told him what was being done to make new authors feel that their ideas were welcomed by the scenario departments, and he was very much surprised.

“How is it that they don’t have them accepted?” he asked.

This is not a hard question to answer at all. In my long association as editor of the Balboa and American scenario departments I have read scores of scripts from authors real and near, so I have been able to see what the trouble was with new writers’ stories. It is nothing more than a lack of study on the part of the writers. By this I mean screen study. The screen, like any-

thing else, has its limitations, and writers should make a careful study of these before they attempt to write a story for motion pictures. Any story that needs a lot of explanation is undesirable. The day of “padding” pictures is over, and producers are trying to enact their productions in as little footage as possible.

Then effects and business that could not possibly be done is used by the writers, and they wonder why their stories are returned marked “unavailable.” Give some thought to your work, using the screen as your blackboard and teacher, because you will discover something you didn’t know with each picture you see. Study the stars and the type of stories they want, and then with these in mind set about weaving your story.

The scenario departments have the “Welcome” sign out for new blood, and their scripts are always carefully read, because even a real good new idea will be purchased. This is the day when the story is the prominent factor, and the new writers, as well as the more experienced, are coming into their own.

HOW DOES THE WORK-OR-FIGHT ORDER APPLY TO DRAMATIC CRITICS?

By CARLYLE W. TILROE

I DO not claim to be an ex-dramatic critic or a literateur. Neither am I one of those who write day after day glowing eulogies of those in the public eye, either on stage or screen. But what I do claim is this. I am one of the general public who for many moons has been compelled, for lack of better, to wade through scores and scores, yes, even hundreds of pages of drivel. You may know I am conversant with such stuff from the way I characterize it.

Many a beautiful Sunday morning have I frittered away reading about the decline of modern art in the screen world, the Ibsenism of Jack Lait’s latest play, the entrance of Theda Bara into the limelight as a comedienne, the ideals of the last and most putrid Morality Play, the life and fortunes of the self-made movie magnate, who rose from the obscurity of the backwoods until he became the dominating factor in the life of cinema productions, the essays of the just-hatched cub reporter, who because he achieved a college education thinks he knows it all, and writes about what he would require were he the dictator of a great picture company. Those and many other theses have I read, bewildering in the style, faulty as to thought, and most of them devoid of either thought or style, and a few written by the older heads amongst the newspaper crowd, who know what they are talking about, but who fortunately keep most of it under their hats.

I have read all about the hairbreadth escapes of the movie heroines, who play only the most dangerous parts (where they are paid so much a story for falls, and hospital fees), the realism of the modern plays, the pets which the ingenue cuddle and coo over, the pallid little shop-girl who is finally “discovered” and made a star, the inherent tendencies of famous families to propagate many generations of stars of the first rank (and so much so at that), and, last but not least, the triumphs of some millionaire in the world of the “makeup.”

And I also have felt sometimes as though I would like to run away from it all, but knowing the distressing kindness of the newspapers, who insist upon giving you ream upon ream of misinforming trash, sandwiched in with perfectly respectable news, and who also do not charge you any more on the average for ten times the amount of paper (which makes good packing for the ice on these hot days) on Sunday than on a weekday, I haven’t had the heart to quit reading such outbursts of great and wonderful bunkum. For such it is, pure and simple.

It would mitigate the existing evil no small tittle if the papers would

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A MILLION DOLLAR STUDIO
CORNER OF THE AMERICAN FILM COMPANY’S PLANT AT SANTA BARBARA

MASCOTS BARRED FROM CAMP KEARNY

By TELFORD WORK

REO has been honorably discharged from the army. Reo is a dog and before getting his discharge was mascot member of Battery A, One Hundred Forty-fifth Field Artillery at Camp Kearny. He was discharged on account of physical disability, the nature of which has not been announced.

When the members of Battery A assembled in the company street last Friday evening Reo marched out in front of the parade, and as the band played the Star Spangled Banner and the soldiers drew themselves to attention he sat back on his haunches, placed one little black paw over his right eye and saluted for the last time the flag which in loyal dog-fashion he had learned to love.

Tears were in the eyes of men in the battery as one after another they stroked the dog's head, and with affectionate hands fingered the tag on the collar which announced that "Reo, the dog mascot of Bat. A, 145th Field Artillery, has received his honorable S. C. D. from the army." The men of the company took up a collection to pay the dog's transportation, and Friday night Reo left by way of the Santa Fe for Salt Lake City, from which place he originally hailed and at which place when he returns he is sure to find a kind reception.

Reo is one of a hundred or more mascots which for the past six months have been quietly and inconspicuously doing their bit at Camp Kearny toward "making the world safe for democracy."

The mascots are of all kinds and species, and include bears, goats, donkeys, monkeys, a lion, birds, and even a turtle. Every company has its mascot and every mascot has its coterie of enthusiastic admirers.

Next to their country it is safe to say that the American soldiers love their mascots best. Mascots are the inspiration of military organizations. They are the mainstay of men in battle. They represent the esprit-de-corps of the American Army. The mascot is sacred flesh. He—the personal pronoun is always used when a soldier refers to the company pet—he is sort of a fetish, like the white cow of India or the Egyptian Cat of Bubastes. The only difference is that the soldier lavishes affection and caresses where the Indian or Egyptian give superstition reverence.

Included among the famous mascots at Camp Kearny is Pete, donkey mascot of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Machine Gun battalion. The original consideration in the barter whereby Pete became the property of the Machine gunners and thereby entered the military service of Uncle Sam was five dollars. But now the boys say they wouldn't take a million for him.



WAR DOGS AND FIGHTING MEN
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT WE SEE HERE TRAINER CHARLES J. MEEHAN, VULCAN, A WAR DOG, COL. THORNWALL MULLALY, POLICE DOG LORELLA, WAR DOG MADUSA, ROBERT FRANKEL, TRAINER, AND POLICE DOG HILDA

Pete is human and like all true machine-gunners he is hard-boiled. Though on ordinary occasions kind and gentle he occasionally gets peeved and lets fly with his heels at some offending intruder. It was on a dry land farm in Northern California that the donkey learned to kick and he learned his lesson well.

Further evidence of Pete's hard-boiledness is born in the fact that he chews tobacco. He is not much on accurate expectation but when it comes to chewing he can outdo a telephone girl. Also, in donkey fashion, he can cuss. The members of the machine gun battalion declare that Pete is a donkey and a gentleman.

A mascot of another type is "Jaspar," a sparrow hawk belonging to the members of Co. B, One Hundred Fifty-seventh Infantry. "Jaspar" is keen of foot and sharp of claw but withal his ferocious appearance is affectionate in nature and loyally devoted to his comrades in arms. The bird was captured in the Rocky Mountains when the men of the Colorado company were

guarding tunnels in the mountains of Nevada.

Love-lorn members of Co. H, 157th Infantry get lots of hugging from their mascot, Alberta. With true feminine instinct Alberta does the clinging vine stunt. Also she likes her bottle. Owing to the fact that Camp Kearny is a dry camp, the bottle is necessarily of the milk type. Alberta is a Grizzly bear and hails originally from City Park, Denver.

Jo-Jo, monkey mascot of the One Hundred Sixtieth Infantry, won undying fame for himself when he created a corner in lady's powder puffs. During the days when the men of the company were out drilling it was Jo-Jo's wont to go nosing about among the personal belongings of his comrades. A great many things were missed by the soldiers but because of the nature of the articles missing nothing was said. Finally it was discovered that Jo-Jo had established himself a rendezvous wherein he had stored forty-seven ladies' handkerchiefs and powder puffs. The discovery created a scandal in the regiment and caused many blushes on the faces of sergeants and corporals.

Billy and Henrietta are the mascots of the One Hundred Fifteenth Field Signal battalion. Billy is the lady goat and Henrietta is the male. Through irrational perversity, which is common to soldiers, the two goats were given cognomens opposite in sexual connotation to their owners. Henrietta is the famous member of the pair.

Members of the signal battalion affirm that Henrietta has been stolen and restolen a dozen or fifteen times.

(Continued on page 19)



BULLDOG "SATAN"
MASCOT OF THE 144TH FIELD ARTILLERY,
BATTERY B



BURRO "PETE"
MASCOT OF THE 145TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION
BOYS AT CAMP KEARNY



GRIZZLY BEAR "ALBERTA"
MASCOT OF CO. H, 157TH INFANTRY, BEING HELD
BY A. H. SMITH, HIS PARD.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

By JAMES MAIN DIXON

DURING the past winter—if winter it can be called with so much continuous summer sunshine—the University of Southern California has received an excellent accession to its teaching staff in a man who may be regarded, more than any writer and thinker today, as the exponent of the philosophy of Borden P. Bowne. For many years at Boston University Professor Bowne exercised a commanding influence upon the students whom he taught; and his works remain among the very best expositions of sound philosophic thought in the period that ended with the cataclysm of 1914. Ralph Tyler Flewelling, now professor of philosophy at our University, has written recently a book entitled "Personalism and the Problems of Philosophy," which is practically a defence of his master, as having contributed to thought something more stable and final than the "unmetaphysical pragmatism" of William James, his distinguished contemporary and fellow-citizen. It is an "attempt to trace the leading philosophical ideas down to modern times, and to discover their relation to the thought of Bowne."

A great European thinker, whom alas! the turmoil of the last four years has drifted away from our sympathies, furnishes an introductory chapter to the volume, in which he evidently regards the Boston philosopher as perhaps the ripest product of modern American metaphysical thought. Although Dr. Rudolf Eucken's utterances since the outbreak of the war have rung strangely hollow, this must be regarded as a temporary aberration common to his countrymen, and his pre-war statements are entitled to respect. "In these ideas of Bowne," says Eucken, "we find a reconciliation of opposing views, of earnest seriousness and happy enjoyment, of problems and conflicts, combined with hope and joyous courage." He speaks of his strong personality which kept him fresh and youthful in spirit to the end. The keynote of the philosophy of Bowne and his disciples is Personalism. As Dr. Flewelling remarks in a closing chapter, "Bowne saw as few others how impossible it is to account for an intelligible and orderly world, for knowledge and for spiritual reality, on the plane of the impersonal. This was his distinctive contribution to philosophy."

It was some years ago, through my friend Harry Herbert Knibbs, poet and storyteller, that I heard of Flewelling as a bright writer and good fellow. Knibbs used to listen to his discourses when he lived in Boston, and found their teaching sane and helpful. He valued highly the book which first brought Flewelling into notice, "Christ and the Dramas of Doubt." It has for a sub-heading, "Studies in the Problem of Evil;" the subject evaded and ignored in the dry impersonal intellectualism of German philosophers. The most valuable of all the six studies is that of Goethe's "Faust," showing extensive reading with a grasp of vital issues. The other evening at the Celtic Club, Flewelling spoke to us on "Our Break With German Philosophy." This break hinged largely on this fundamental question of evil. As a distinguished French officer remarked to Kipling—a well-read psychologist he was, besides being a man of affairs: "The Boche is now saving the world, because he has shown us what Evil is. We had begun to doubt it." Now Goethe is the overshadowing personality of modern Germany, whose "Faust" one of its egotistic trumpeters has ventured to term the "greatest work of the greatest writer of the greatest people in all history!" Flewelling shows how radically defective in many ways are Goethe's ethics. "Goethe set out with an idea of the unity of creation—that evil is only the shadow of good, bringing good in spite of itself, that God is

everywhere in this creation, working here and there, a Force, an Act, a Deed, but never a thinking personality."

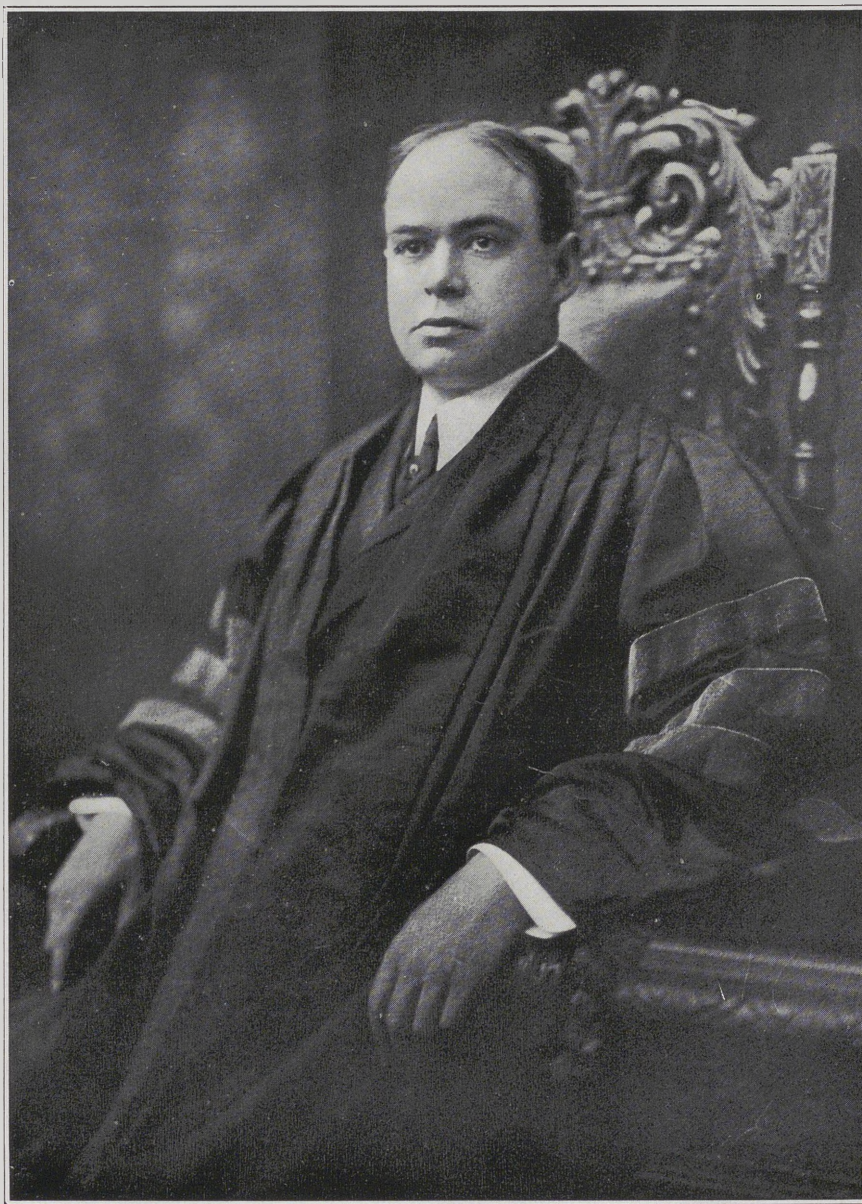
In another chapter of this very incisive criticism of the great German dramatist, Flewelling remarks on the spirit of repentance lacking in Faust, a spirit essential to moral depth. "In this is reflected clearly the personal feeling of Goethe himself. 'Repentance seemed to him (Kuno Francke, "German Ideals of Today") something entirely negative and unproductive, a gratuitous and useless self-humiliation. Not through contrition and self-chastisement, but through discipline and self-reliance, he thought, is the way to perfection.' So while we have a Faust who lives to make up in a measure for his past misdeeds, there is a radical hollowness in the whole performance. "While Faust takes pleasure in the good his industrial establishment does by providing for so many mouths, he himself lives in a palace and is the dictator of it all. The rest are like slaves with no power of self-government. His philanthropy lacked the heart of religion because it lacked real sacrifice."

Unfortunately for the world Germany awoke to passionate self-consciousness as a nation, when deity was conceived in terms of a mechanic who is responsible for a huge and magnificent and remorselessly logical Nature. God's natural laws took the place of the divine will; and out of it all was evoked man's "will to power," a brutal phrase strangely over-used in the recent titanic struggle, as if the ambitious, self-seeking man could rise by his own efforts to superman. This weakness is latent in the treatment of Faust. The forces of the world interpreted in terms of science created the skepticism which is treated inadequately in Faust. Had Goethe, remarks Flewelling, been less the representative of his age, he would have risen nearer the solution of the problem.

The other five dramas which are discussed in his wonderfully stimulating and rich discussion, are the book of Job, the Prometheus of Aeschylus, Shakespeare's Hamlet, and Ibsen's Brand. "The eras that brought them forth," says the author, present most striking similarities. Each of these dramas brought the ever recurring problem to the surface at a time when a new individualism was forcing itself upon civilization by reason of great religious, intellectual, or political changes." He is less certain

of the place of Ibsen's Brand, but it may at least be taken as a typical Scandinavian product. He regards the drama as the truest expression of real problems, as they exist in the common thought of a nation or people. Such problems are not dramatized, or, at least, do not make good as dramas, unless they have been keenly felt in contemporary living. "Their message is thus more direct and clear than that of other contemporary literature."

Here is his summary of the masterpiece of the great Scandinavian: "Ibsen himself spoke of Brand as having 'climbed toward the peaks, toward the stars, and towards the great silence,' and this is poetically true enough. But the One who loved to call himself the Son of Man has shown us that the heights which lead us away from lowly human sympathies are heights only in vain imagination. The religious luster that gathers about Brand's head is largely fictitious. We admire his sacrifice because it was great, but it must eternally fail because at heart it was suffered for an individualistic aim. We must learn to shun even goodness that starves our human sympathies. The way to the heights is through the depths of a lively human sympathy. Brand was too selfish and too wanting in humility to reach them, and this in spite of all his sacrifice."



RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"Break down the barrier between literature and Life?—there is none! I have a certain friend who has more to do within the twenty-four hours of the day than has anyone else I know. Politics, municipal corporations, railroads—these are apparently his life—absorbed in men and affairs. And yet if I run across a book that especially appeals to me, I go to him and ask his ideas upon it. He has probably read it and with his greater experience in the actual turmoil of living than I have had, he can enlighten me with a dozen new points of view upon the book under consideration. He interprets it in the light of his experience, as the author had written in the light of his."

AS the true singer sings himself into his songs, so does the real writer write himself into his books, and especially is this the case with William J. Locke, dear delightful, whimsical, capricious creator of characters such as no one else ever even dreamed of. What a world he has made for us as he sits in the high court of the Gods, for surely he must sit high, to draw the audiences that gather and continue to gather. And yet he is not removed from us for all of that; indeed, quite the contrary. We live in his world and know and love his people. Could anyone be more deliciously real than the "Beloved Vagabond," more tantalizing, joyously alive than Carlotta, more dourly delightful than Clementina, more laughably lovable than Septimus, more fantastically funny than Aristotle Pujol, more wonderfully womanly than Hildegard? Has any visualized being ever pictured "salad days" as did the "Fortunate Youth," did ever confirmed bachelorhood succumb to the inevitable (woman and matrimony) as did Marcus Ordeyne?

But they are too numerous to discuss in detail, these people who wander through the wondrous world of this wonderful writer—and he is wonderful; not because he is profound and dwells upon literary mountain heights, rather he dwells within a garden, and a garden which fosters only fragrant flowers and healthful herbs, for he is never sordid nor stated. If at times he is unreal, his unrealities are so whimsically real, so fraught with his fine personality that his fantasies seem but romances of life, colored by the great field of naturalness which never loses its freshness.

Mr. Locke is of England and in England, but has spent enough time in our own United States to learn us somewhat, and I think he likes us, and I am sure that we who read novels like him, and full many of us would be actually unhappy without the at least yearly advent, of a Locke book.

The last one—quite new, too, by the way,—is "The Rough Road," a romance of the war, in which a man young and spoiled travels through the world of pride, prejudice, caste and cowardice into the land of brave men, fighting for Freedom and Democracy. True, he was "kicked" into the cause, but he fought out. He didn't win the V. C., nor attain to any show of destruction, but he proved himself, and won the girl, so what would you have. The story holds the usual originality of atmosphere and characterization, and the charm which is Lockean—more we can no ask. John Lane Company, New York.

"THE Harlequinade" by Dion Clayton Caltrop and Granville Barker, is closet drama for juvenile Bostonese; or one may well imagine an audience in prim be-spectabled little Dorotheas and Algernons sitting gravely in a Small Theatre, while the usual unaffected child phenomenon,

who might be named Alice-sit-by-the-footlights, explains, interlards, and monitors the program.

The plot appears to have been skimmed from most any book on The Rise and Fall of the Drama, for the ground of such a book is epitomized in four scenes. After nine pages of preliminaries, the curtain is raised on the one clever act of the play: the departure of Mercury, Momus, and Charon on the search for Psyche. Between acts they arrive in an Italian cypress garden, where they do a pantomime and Psyche as Columbine almost runs away with a naughty bad man of the world.

In Eighteenth Century England, the next scene, the Beau affords the only approximation to character-drawing to be found in the play. He is clean-cut and smells of lavender, bergamot, and musk.

But it is the final act that the young Bostonians would revel in a bit of wholesome didacticism; for here Dion and Granville have allowed themselves a vision of apocalypse. There is an opportunity for good burlesque in the Factory of Automatic Dramaturgy where there are no authors and no actors, and the moral is precipitate in milky clots.

"CLOWN. (apropos of the play of the future). Do they like the stuff?

"MANAGER: They've got to like it. They get none else."

So the conclusion of the matter is that the Caltrop-Barker combination do not greatly care for American Drama, nor do most of us; and yet, everything considered, we prefer to believe that Mr. Barker made a more felicitous collaboration with Mr. Housman in *Prunella*, and that he walked bravely alone in the sock when he wrote *The Madras House*. Little, Brown & Company, New York.



WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE RED PLANET," ETC.

WE turn with pleasure from bloody deluge of war poems and the neurotic drizzle of free verse to some of the poems in the volume of *Georgian Poetry 1916-1917*, which includes representative work from eighteen of the more recent poets of Great Britain. By way of innovation and to secure attention to the T's and W's, the usual alphabetic order has been reversed in this book, and W. J. Turner heads the anthology. If you care to go to Chimborazo, Copacabana, Popocatepetl, Antilla, and Yucatan, just climb in Mr. Turner's tilting catamaran and they will "steal your soul away"—to slightly misquote the helmsman. But the average soul is very glad to

find itself safely on less exotic soil, and our poets of the wanderlust should remember that cities, as well as the ships of Homer and the genealogies of Israel, can easily be overdone.

Judgment on a poet's art from several verses is rash, but enough of the Celtic magic of James Stephens is crystalized here to flash a desire for deeper digging. Though his literary grandfathers, Blake and Stevenson, had not his distinctly exuberant quality, he is certainly of their kin by reason of his simplicity and childishness. Here is a relief from the present day striving after the extremes.

Siegfried Sassoon is blowing his nine days' bugle with all his breath; but such phrases as "Back to Hell with Kaiser," and "Bert's Gone Syphilitic," are surely not poetry. No man can write with a well-regulated force and the necessary dignity when he is under such strain as war imposes. The best fighters battle with a smile and a cool head.

Robert Nichols offers verses with the beauty of Greek cadence and the holy passion of the Hebrews. With a delicate touch he probes more surely than many of the writers here represented; his reverence (an emotion all too rare nowadays) is well shown in *The Tower*, a poem on the Last Supper.

Harold Monro is the bard of the kettle, the friendly candle, and the

(Continued on page 21)

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY



G. Edwin Williams

MISS DOROTHY BOTSFORD

DAUGHTER OF MRS. M. L. BOTSFORD OF LOS ANGELES,
AND A GRADUATE THIS YEAR OF STANFORD

JUST now there are ever so many Los Angelenos who are looking eagerly forward to a vacation, and never before, perhaps, has there been a more thoroughly justified time for a brief period of rest than now. All the while the mobilizing and recruiting of men to prepare for war has been going on, the women of Los Angeles have been doing their part on a large scale, keeping the Red Cross shops going at full speed. Some plan to hie themselves away to the mountains where in some sequestered retreat they may enjoy quiet restfulness. Others will seek the seashore resorts where the ocean breezes, cool and invigorating, gives one a new hold on life and there are still others who will find their greatest pleasure motoring about the country, discovering new beauty spots or visiting well known places of charm. However, one may choose to pass their vacations there are an equally charming number of trips to be taken within a short distance from Los Angeles and lucky the folk that can choose as they please.

To those who prefer the quieter charm of the ocean, Catalina with its beautiful blue bay, which has well been named the Magic Isle is most fascinating. The new St. Catherine Hotel, taking the place of the once so popular Metropole is a delightful place to pass one's time. Fishing, rowing and swimming are some of the pastimes to be enjoyed at this resort. Coronado is doubtless the most popular resort this season, the lure of the army and navy attractions being most enticing, particularly for the younger set. To the Yosemite is one of the many delightful motor trips to be taken and many society folk have already made their plans for going to this marvelous resort. Such a lot of other interesting trips to be taken might be mentioned for California abounds in summer playgrounds to be reached by motor or otherwise, that hold much of charm and are soothing to tired nerves.

Mrs. Frank Hall Moon, who has been in Kansas City for three or four months has returned to her home in West Adams street. Her daughter, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, who came up from her home

at Coronado for a few days' visit with her mother has returned home. Mrs. Charles E. Scott, of El Centro, and her baby daughter are passing the summer in Los Angeles, the guest of Mrs. Scott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wills at the Ansonia apartments. Mrs. Scott was formerly Miss Winifred Wills. Mr. and Mrs. Grantland Seaton Long, of 671 South Vermont avenue, are domiciled at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Before returning to Los Angeles they will go to Lake Tahoe for a fortnight or longer. Mr. and Mrs. Willis C. Anderson, of 7128 Hollywood boulevard, are passing the summer at Santa Monica, making their home at the Cadillac Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Secondo Guasti, of West Adams street, are in San Francisco for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, of West Adams street, accompanied by their young daughter, Miss Bernadine and Miss Sue Sinnott, are planning to leave the first of August for Monterey, where they have a summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kennett Rule with their two little daughters, Alice and Winifred will pass the month of August at Hermosa Beach. Mrs. John Milner, Sr., and Mrs. Clara Milner McDonald, mother and sister of Mrs. Rule, will be the guests of the Rules at the Beach. Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, of Berkeley Square, are enjoying frequent week end trips. They motored up to Santa Barbara for a few days a fortnight ago and this week-end they plan to pass at Catalina guests at the St. Catherine Hotel. Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, of West Twenty-third street, who in company with Dr. and Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst, of 3558 Wilshire boulevard, left Los Angeles the first of July for the Yosemite, returned to their homes a few days ago. They motored north and report a delightful trip. Mrs. Jarvis, mother of Mrs. Hughes, is still a guest in the Hughes home, as is Miss Georgia Kean, a niece of Mrs. Hughes.

Among the society folk of Los Angeles who motored down to Hotel del Coronado for last week end, in a party, were Mr. and Mrs. William Jerome Toomey, of Windsor Square, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran, of 547 South Harvard boulevard, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bishop, of 606 South Manhattan place, Mr. and Mrs. Chester T. Hoag, of 7225 Hollywood boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Souden.

Miss Dorothy Keefe, of Windsor Square, and Miss Kathryn McCahan, of 4016 Ingraham street, are two popular girls of Los Angeles, who are passing a few weeks at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, of West Adams street, are visiting with relatives and friends in Hamilton, Montana, and plan to be away a month. They will be the house guest of Mrs. Clark's sister, Mrs. Marcus Daly, who is well known in Los Angeles, having visited her sisters here many times.

Miss Marcia Rogers, of 115 South St. Andrews place, was a recent hostess entertaining a coterie of young girls at a bridge luncheon. Pink and white sweet peas and roses prettily arranged adorned the table and places were set for Miss Alberta Truworthy, Miss Louise Ley, Miss Carmelita Lindsay, Miss Ruth Webber, Miss Marjorie Van Sittert, Miss Sarah Lindsey, Miss Louella Smith, Miss Helen Unrath, Miss Ruth Mabae, Miss Mabel Tuttle, Miss Bobbie Keese and the hostess. Miss Rogers was assisted by her mother, Mrs. B. A. Rogers.

Mrs. Josiah Lee Dabbs, of 1414 South St. Andrews place, entertained with two delightful affairs recently. The first was a charmingly appointed dinner party, to which were invited, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sondenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Estes and Mr. J. C. Buchanan, of Muscogee, Oklahoma; Mrs. Baron Gay, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Schoenorn, Mrs. M. C.



G. Edwin Williams

MISS LUCY LANGDON

POPULAR STANFORD STUDENT, WHOSE TALENTS ARE ARTISTIC. MISS LANGDON IS THE DAUGHTER OF DR. AND MRS. FREDERICK C. LANGDON

Smith and Mrs. Marion Cornwall, of Los Angeles. A day or two later, Mrs. Dabbs gave a large garden party in honor of Mrs. Guy Culver Smith, of Little Rock, Ark., who is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. Henry C. Caldwell, of 2195 West Twenty-fourth street, and Miss Cornelia Caldwell. Dahlias, roses and ferns combined were attractively arranged about the rooms and over one hundred guests responded to invitations.

Mrs. Walter Lindley, of South Figueroa street, entertained with a delightfully informal luncheon only a few days ago. Scarlet and orange zenias combined with ferns tastefully combined formed a pretty centerpiece for the table and places were set for Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. E. D. Roberts, Mrs. John Haines, Mrs. William T. McFie, Miss Hudson and the hostess. The guests were invited to bring their knitting which formed the diversion for the afternoon.

Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton was hostess at a jolly luncheon with which she complimented her mother, Mrs. A. M. Carey, of Seattle, who is here with her daughter for the summer. A dozen or so guests enjoyed the luncheon party.

Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, who with Mr. Doheny have been making their home in Washington, D. C., for several months, are again in Los Angeles for a brief time, occupying their handsome home in Chester Place. A number of charmingly informal social affairs are being given for Mrs. Doheny. Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, of 1005 West Twenty-eighth street, entertained with a luncheon Wednesday of last week. Yellow dahlias were used in adorning the table and the guests included Mrs. Doheny, the guest of honor, Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe, Mrs. Dwight Hart, Mrs. Fred White, Mrs. Kimball of New York, Mrs. J. C. Anderson and Mrs. Frank H. Powell. Mrs. John Milner, of 7 Berkeley Square, was hostess Friday of last week, complimenting Mrs. Doheny with a luncheon. Summer blossoms artistically arranged centered the table about which were seated a dozen or so guests.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 9)

Kimball Young would like to change—and is changing, as rapidly as possible.

"There are two improvements that must be made in movies, if they are to make money for the producers or the exhibitors; better stories must be used—logical ones, I mean, and the directing must be more careful. I can't tell you how often I've been told to do a scene in a certain way, and every atom of dramatic instinct revolted because I *knew* it was not the way a woman would act under the given set of circumstances; I've told a director that—and been politely reminded that he was directing the picture. What are you going to do about it?

"And the way the stories are hacked about to suit the director's convenience; it's terrible! I'm not referring to my director, when I say this, for he is a real artist—I wouldn't have him if he weren't. But I mean there are many directors who tear a story to pieces so that it wouldn't recognize itself in the original—just because they want to fit their own ideas into the film. The result on the screen is a perfectly logical story up to a certain point—then hang; off it goes at a tangent, and the audience fairly gasps, and says to itself, 'But that *wouldn't* happen—' or, 'she wouldn't act that way—' and nine of ten times they're right."

Such discrepancies as decry by Miss Young may be cited in two recent films produced at Broadway moving picture theaters. One, starred Carmel Meyers in "His Unmarried Wife," which was blatantly proclaimed to be "An American play with a French sauce." The title and the absurd billing were entirely at variance with the delightful story, and the still more delightful acting of the beautiful Carmel. It was filmed from a well-known book "Mollie and I, or, The Silver Ring," and a daintier, and more bewitching story never came from the pen of an American author. But, not only was the title changed to one deliberately suggestive, and the risqueness enhanced by the billing, but the heroine, a rosy little Dutch girl, was changed to an Italian to fit the brunette beauty of Miss Meyers, a change of type which in itself spoiled the sense of the story.

The other instance was in "A Desert Wooing," recently produced, with Enid Bennett as the star. She, as the heroine, was charming, and the story, up to a certain point, was convincing, and held the attention of the audience. Then, suddenly, the husband comes upon the false friend stealing into the wife's room, via the window, a mode of entrance which should have told him that the lady was unaware of the evil man's intention. But he confronts the "villain" in his wife's room, as he is struggling with the frightened woman, and assumes that the pair are guilty. At least we presume he thinks so, for with a giant swoop of his arm, he brushes his wife to the floor, and does battle with the invader. When it's all over, the wife, instead of saying, as we are safe in assuming most sane women would: "Well, thank heaven you came, John, that unspeakable beast—"

and clearing it all up in a few words—faces him coldly, and says in a cutting tone, "You are a brute, and I hate and despise you!" Then they sit up all night in separate chairs.

There is an equal demand for a change in comedy. The old type, which was frankly vulgar, has disappeared forever, and it is being replaced by a cleaner type, depending for laughs on situation rather than pies. Not altogether, of course; what would Charlie Chaplin be without pies, or Sennett comedies without Keystone Cops?

As Mack Sennett says, "The time was when one pie thrown was good for one laugh; ten pies meant ten laughs; you didn't have to have a reason for throwing them. But now, if you throw a pie, you must have a good reason for it; it's still funny—and it always will be—provided you have situations leading up to it, which make it the logical climax. The chase, ever miles and miles, with cops, bar tenders, pedestrians and irate washerwomen, is all right—if you have a reason for it.

Another phase in comedy making was told by Mr. Fred L. Porter, Vice-president and secretary of the Christie Comedy Co., which has been putting some clean and breezy fun-making pictures on the screen.

Mr. Porter said, "Our comedies are flourishing, not because they are wonderful—we don't pretend that they are—but because they are wholesome, and good for several hearty laughs, and the stars are changed from week to week, so that the patrons who see Christie Comedies regularly don't get the same faces, and consequently they don't tire of the pictures. We depend entirely on light, simple plots, with clever business and situations, and on the personel of the actors. Our pictures are never features, they are to accompany the feature and they resemble in this, bread at a meal. You don't eat your meal for the bread alone, but you like to have it at every meal, and you enjoy it."

Two evils which probably have a great deal to do with the declining interest in pictures, are undoubtedly, bad press agent work, and letting the public behind the scenes too much. The first can be remedied by sticking to facts rather than fancy, and taking the motto which advertising men have found to be a worthy one, "Truth pays, fiction bankrupts." Tales of fabulous salaries, million dollar contracts, and inflated cost of productions, are some of the yarns spun from the airy fabric that dreams are made of, and given out to the public through the medium of newspapers, magazines, and bill boards. When a so-called "million dollar" production is put on, which, one realizes, on the face of it, cannot have cost half that, the movie fan who has been gulled into spending his precious two bits, to see a stupendous spectacle that isn't there, is going to look askance at the next advertisement of a "colossal" film.

The other shortcoming, if it may be called by that name, is a phase of misdirected publicity. Articles appearing in current magazines telling in minute detail how pictures are made, and what mechanical appliances are used to

(Continued on Page 26)

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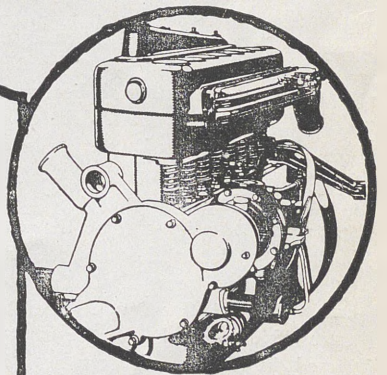
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

ONE of the most interesting surprises of the season was the announcement of the marriage of charming and lovable Miss Marjorie Hines, daughter of the late Mr. Fred A. Hines and Mrs. Hines, of West Eleventh street, and Lieutenant Maurice Marshall Newinan, son of Mrs. Lewis B. Newinan, of St. Paul, Minn., now stationed at Camp Upton, New York. The ceremony was performed at the parish house of St. Vibiana Cathedral, Tuesday morning, July 23, at 11:30, with Monsignor Harnett reading the marriage service. Only members of the bride's family witnessed the ceremony, following which a wedding breakfast for the bridal party was served in one of the private dining rooms of Hotel Alexandria, the bride's mother being hostess. The bride is a graduate of Marlborough School and has been one of the most enthusiastic workers of the Patriotic League. She is one of the most popular members of the younger social set and was one among the first of the younger society girls of Los Angeles to take up a business course, going to Minneapolis, where she had relatives, to visit and, later, enter a business college. It was in the Eastern city the young couple met and the first meeting was the beginning of the romance which culminated in their wedding a few days ago. The bride belongs to one of the prominent pioneer families of Los Angeles. Her grandfather, the late Mr. Jacob Frankenfield, came to Los Angeles in the year 1883, and from that time on, was prominently identified with the progressive interests of the city. Her father, the late Mr. Fred A. Hines, was well known in business, club and Masonic circles. He was Potentate of Al Malaikah and later had the distinction of being elected to the office of Imperial Potentate of North America, the highest office that can be bestowed upon a Shriner. Lieutenant Newman was a student at the University of Minnesota when America entered the war. He gave up his studies at once and entered the officers' first training camp at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, since which time he has been stationed in Texas and now in the East. Lieutenant Newman and his bride enjoyed a few days' honeymoon trip, motoring through California, returning to Los Angeles last Friday. A few days were passed in visiting with the bride's mother, Mrs. Hines, at 1834 West Eleventh street, and Tuesday, July 30, the young couple left for St. Paul, where they will be the guests of the bridegroom's mother, proceeding to Camp Upton, New York, where Lieutenant Newman is stationed.

Mrs. Thomas B. Kennedy, Jr., and small son, Thomas B. Kennedy III., who have been the guests of Mrs. Kennedy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Leonard, of 666 Westmoreland place for three months, left last Saturday for her home in Roanoke, Virginia. While Mrs. Kennedy was called to Los Angeles because of illness in the home of her parents, any number of social courtesies have been extended her while here. Miss Leonore Leonard entertained for her sister, just before she left, with a tea at the Los Angeles Country Club. Lieutenant Kennedy, who is the son of Col. M. C. Kennedy, Deputy Director General of Railroads of the American Expeditionary Force in France, has been in France for several months and is with the Engineers' Reserve Corps

there. Mrs. Kennedy is one of the enthusiastic workers for the Red Cross. While in Los Angeles she has taken an active interest in the work of the Salvage department and plans to establish a Salvage bureau in Roanoke, if one has not been started by the time she arrives at her home. The marriage of Miss Leonard and Mr. Kennedy was a social event of about three years ago, taking place at St. John's Episcopal church.

St. John's Episcopal church in West Adams street was the scene of another pretty wedding Tuesday afternoon when Miss Dorothy Anne Powell, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Weston Powell, of 698 South Ardmore avenue, became the bride of Lieutenant John Bonner Gladney, of New Orleans. The ceremony was performed at 5:30 with the bride's mother giving her in marriage, and the

riage to Lieutenant Gladney. During the afternoon many of the members of the younger set dropped in for a cup of tea and a little visit with the guest of honor. This is Lieutenant Gladney's first visit to California and with his bride they will motor through the State for their honeymoon before going South where they are to reside.

In the pretty little St. John's Episcopal chapel at Ross, near San Francisco, last Saturday afternoon, Captain Arthur Lee Munger, U. S. A., claimed for his bride, Miss Adele Brune, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brune, of Ross. Only relatives and a few close friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride was a recent visitor in Los Angeles, the house guest of Mrs. Frederick A. Klamp, of Hollywood. While here she was much entertained. Captain Munger is the son of Mrs.

Adale Munger, of San Francisco, who has achieved much fame as a writer. Captain Munger and his bride will occupy a charming little bungalow at Palo Alto until the Captain is called to the front.

A jolly party of Hollywood folk who are enjoying the beauty and pleasures of Lake Tahoe include Mrs. Frederick A. Klamp, of Vista street, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moulton, of La Brea and Mrs. Paul Compton, of 1749 Sycamore street. Mr. Compton and Mr. Klamp are leaving the first of August, motoring to Tahoe where they will join the party and together they will enjoy the fishing and driving for another fortnight.

The many friends of Mrs. Tillman Campbell, wife of Colonel Campbell, will be pleased to know Mrs. Campbell has taken a lease on a house at 107 North Kingsley drive and will temporarily make her home in Los Angeles. Colonel Campbell is in France.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Rathbun and daughter, Miss Ruth, have moved from 42 St. James Park to the new home they recently purchased at 1330 Wentworth avenue, Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

One of the most interesting bits of news of the season was that made known Thursday, July 25, at a delightful little tea given by Mrs. Wilfred T. Cooper, of 1728 South Kingsley, complimenting Miss Cath-

erine Mullen, attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Mullen, of 4927 Rosewood avenue, at which was announced the betrothal of the young woman to Mr. Daniel Francis Murphy, of San Francisco. There's perhaps no more charming or beautiful girl in Los Angeles than Miss Mullen. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park, and is an exceedingly accomplished musician, having an exceptionally lovely voice. She is a member of the Patriotic League and one of the most enthusiastic of the Red Cross workers among the younger set. Mr. Murphy, who is a brother of Mrs. Frank Tatum, of Los Angeles, is well known in business circles in the northern city. The two families have known each other for years and the betrothal of the two young people is a pleasing sequel to the long friendship of the families. No date has been named as yet for the wedding, but it will doubtless be an event of the near future. Miss Mullen is a niece of Mr. G. Allan Hancock, of Wilshire boulevard, and in company of her aunt and father and mother has been enjoying a visit in the northern part of the State.



Harold A. Taylor

MISS ISABELLE LAWRENCE

DAUGHTER OF MRS. J. W. LAWRENCE, OF CHICAGO, WHO PASSED SEVERAL MONTHS AT HOTEL DEL CORONADO THIS PAST SEASON

Rev. George Davidson reading the service. The church was decorated with a pretty arrangement of pink gladiolas and ferns. Miss Rosa Lee Wilcox was maid of honor and Mr. George Powell served as best man. Little Elizabeth and Virginia Pelton, nieces of the bride, were flower girls. The bride, petite and dainty, wore a simple little bridal gown of white satin, her veil of tulle being caught to her head in cap effect and she carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. The bride attended Marlborough School in Los Angeles and also was a student at Burnham Hall, Northampton, Mass., later attending Miss Semple's school in New York. She is a member of the Lambda Theta Phi sorority. Lieutenant Gladney, who is a graduate of Washington Lee University, is with the Forty-third Infantry, stationed at New Orleans, where the couple will make their home until the young officer is called into service overseas. This attractive bride has been the inspiration of many pretty affairs since the announcement of her betrothal. Miss Rosa Lee Wilcox, of West Twentieth street, was a charming hostess at an informal tea a few days before Miss Powell's mar-

Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe, of West Twenty-eighth street, entertained with a charmingly appointed little dinner a few evenings ago. The table was centered with a pretty arrangement of summer blossoms. Miss Olga Simpson entertained Friday afternoon of last week with an informal tea complimenting Miss Edith Young, of San Francisco, house guest of Miss Cecile McLaughlin. Miss Young is the fiancée of Mr. Edward McLaughlin, who has just recently acquired the commission of Ensign at Pelham Bay, and who left a week ago after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin, of South Figueroa street. Miss Young came down from San Francisco to be in Los Angeles while Ensign McLaughlin was home for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. James North gave an informal dinner recently in compliment to Professor von Newmeyer, of Berkeley.

A wedding that will be of interest to her large circle of friends in Los Angeles is that of Miss Beulah Wright, formerly dean of the College of Oratory of the University of Southern California, and Mr. William W. Comstock, a prominent attorney of Iowa, which took place Saturday afternoon, July 20, in Lake City, Minn., the summer home of Dr. Comstock, brother of the bridegroom. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, of 344 St. Andrews place, Los Angeles, was one of the most popular members of the faculty of U. S. C. She was also a social favorite in Los Angeles and following the announcement of her engagement a few months ago she was the recipient of many social courtesies. It was planned to have the marriage take place in Los Angeles the latter part of last June but Mr. Comstock was serving on the exemption board of Iowa and was unable to come to the coast, so Miss Wright left for the East a few weeks ago and has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Comstock.

At a delightful musicale given by Mrs. Stephen Gregory Joyce at her home, 2103 Beachwood, Hollywood, Wednesday of last week, the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Susanne Marie Joyce, to Mr. Howard Winthrop Spears, of Seattle, Wash., was announced. Miss Joyce is a talented musician and brilliant accompanist. She is a member of the Matinee Musical Club and the Woman's Club of Hollywood, where she will be greatly missed being a popular member in social and musical circles. The wedding will take place this month although no definite date has yet been set. The bride-elect accompanied by her mother will go to Seattle for the ceremony, Mr. Spears being in the government service there and unable to get leave of absence. The musicale at which the announcement was made included many prominent musicians, among them Mme. Blanche Aviestell Harriman, contralto, and Annette Zoellner, violinist, both of New York.

Mrs. John Percival Jones has as her guest at the Darby, her sister, Mrs. G. J. Bucknall of San Francisco. Mrs. Jones only recently returned from passing several months in the East and the two charming women are being

complimented with a number of pretty, though quite informal affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, of Rampart boulevard, were hosts at a charmingly appointed dinner. Mrs. William Brackenridge of Pasadena entertained with an informal luncheon at the Midwick Club. Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow, of Serrano street, entertained with a dinner party in their honor and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, of Santa Monica, were hosts another evening, entertaining with a dinner. Mrs. Bucknall plans to return to her home in the North within a few days and she will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Jones, who will remain for a week or longer in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank Griffith entertained with a luncheon, Friday of last week at the Los Angeles Country Club, Mrs. William A. Gavin being the guest of honor. Other guests included Mrs. William Hook, Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mrs. Jack Niven, Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. A. Cheney, Mrs. Alsop Parrot, Mrs. Harry Van Dyke, Miss Louise Burke and Miss Katherine Strickler. Mrs. Gavin is a brilliant English golfer and has given several demonstrations of her skill on the golf links at the Los Angeles Country Club. Mrs. Gavin has received much attention since her arrival here a fortnight ago. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor complimented this distinguished visitor with a dinner.

Mrs. Frank Elmer Rich, well known club and society woman in Los Angeles and formerly a resident of this city, but now making her home in Phoenix, has been visiting old friends in Los Angeles. Just now she is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Sterling Newton Pierce in San Francisco. Dr. Pierce, U. S. N., is stationed at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher and family, of West Adams street, will leave the first of this month for Hermosa Beach where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davies, of Crescent Heights, left last week for Big Bear, where they will pass several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Mines and little daughter, Patricia, of Kingsley Drive, are passing the summer at Hermosa Beach. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwind and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, of Lake street, are also summer residents at Hermosa.

Mrs. Thomas L. Duque and daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Adelaide Duque, of 701 New Hampshire street, have gone to Del Mar, where they plan to pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Sidney Cloman and her niece, Miss Natalie Campbell, of Louisville, Ky., are visitors in Los Angeles and plan to pass the summer and early fall here. Mrs. Cloman's husband, Major Cloman, is now overseas.

Mrs. Claire Duffie and her two small children are again the house guests of Mrs. Duffie's mother, Mrs. William J. Chichester, of Wilton Place. Mrs. Duffie came to Los Angeles several months ago from her home in San Francisco to be with her mother while her husband, Lieutenant Duffie, was in France. She has been passing the last two or three months at La Jolla. She plans

(Continued on Page 19)

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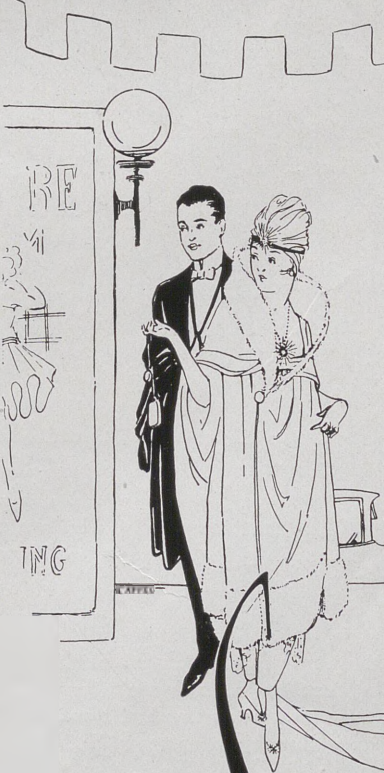
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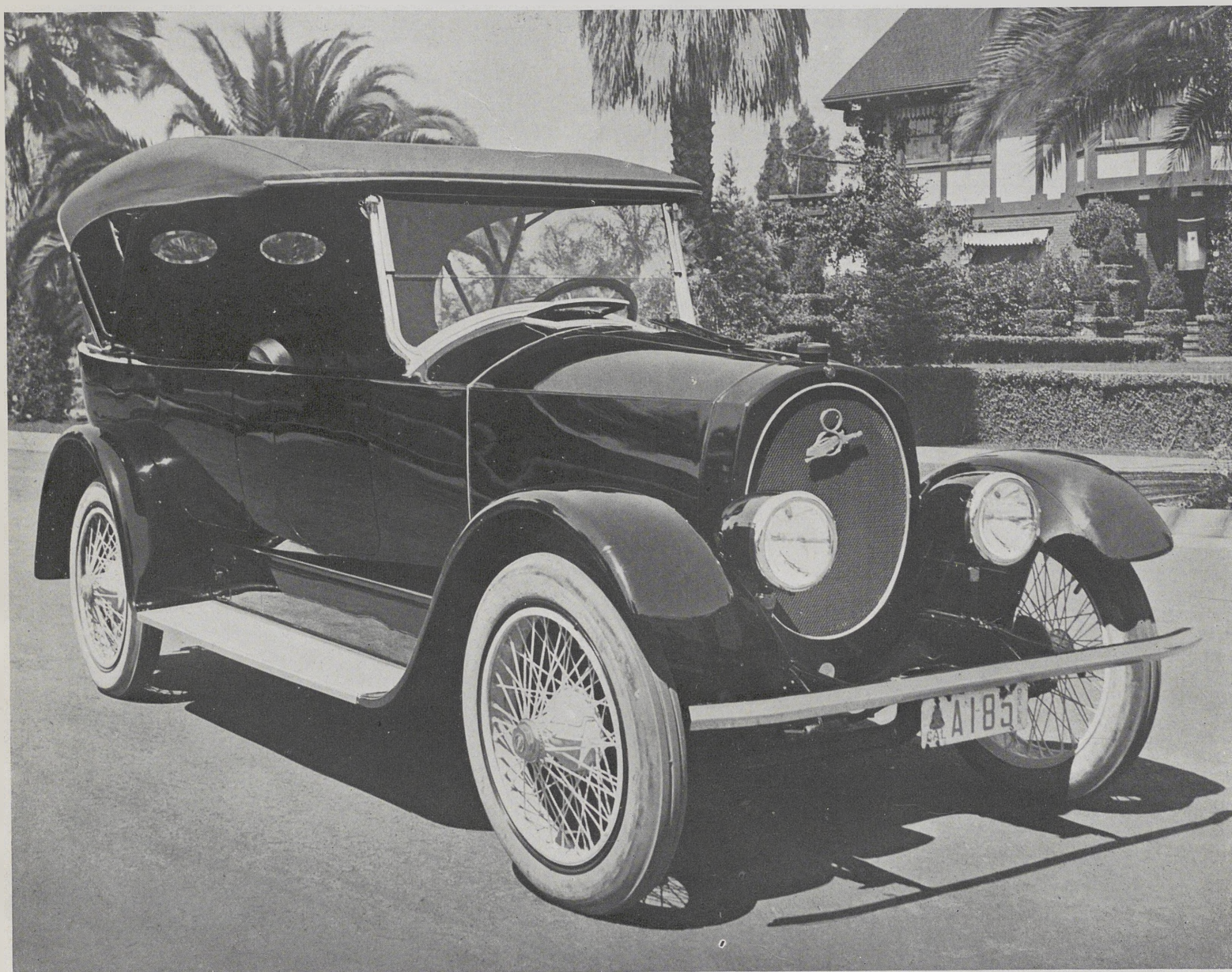
MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

R EPORTS which have just come out of the East have it that Uncle Sam is seriously considering taking over the entire Ford plant for the manufacture of war munitions. We have joked about the flivver but when we hear such news the fact is strongly impressed upon us that the Ford product is an economic necessity which will be hard to do without. And after all the War Board may see it in the same light.

G ASOLINE mileages are a good deal like tire mileages. When they go into record figures they make excellent reading matter, but the better the performances the more they incense the owner who fails to get them with his own particular boat. In this connection, if a tax is placed upon

Since the war manufacturers have found, however, that American hides answer the purpose just as well. French clay is a vital ingredient of the porcelain cores for spark plugs. A great deal of the rubber used in the manufacture of tires comes from Brazil and the Malay peninsula, while much of the cotton fabric comes from the South Sea Islands. Holland and other flax-raising countries supply the linseed oil that enters into the manufacture of paint and the Dutch East Indies produce the gum that is the base of all varnishes. Were it not for the American scientist and metallurgist there would be an even greater shortage of automobile material today. They have more than made good in the war-time crisis, coming to the rescue with many new formulae. Before the outbreak of the war three



THE LATEST MODEL APPERSON "EIGHT"

gasoline, as has been proposed, it will induce the motorist who has paid little or no attention to his gasoline mileage to practice economy as he never has before.

T HE old-time family automobile picnic is coming back strong," remarked a purveyor of food whose place is located outside of Los Angeles county and who relies in considerable measure upon the auto tourist to support his overhead. "Motorists, when autos first came into wide family use, would hit the breeze on a Sunday morning with the hamper well filled. It was the thing for some time and then it was put in the discard by many, largely because cities and towns began catering to the wants of the motorist. But the high cost of living and the requirements of the food administration are bringing the automobile picnic once more in vogue." It's a case of save and serve.

T HE automobile before it is assembled is a sort of international combination. Much of the fine wood trimming comes from South American forests—Circassian and black walnut and mahogany. Before the war France, Russia and Argentina furnished thousands of hides for upholstery.

of the most important alloys used in the manufacture of steel came from Austria, Germany and South America, namely ferro-manganese, chromium and tungsten.

H ERE'S a definition of the automobile offered by the head of a large automobile manufacturing concern: "The passenger or so-called 'pleasure' automobile is not entirely a luxury, nor is it entirely a utility. In general it can be classed with the street car and the railroad passenger car. In proportion to the number of people carried and miles traveled it is very probable that the passenger automobile is no more a pleasure vehicle than the railroad passenger car and street car. The people carried by these various types of car are, on the average, bent upon the same errands." We hold that the foregoing is not so bad.

T ROUT fans who have motored into the Owens valley bring back the news that the fishing in that section was never better than at this time. The streams have been steadily falling and the trout, in consequence, are in search of food. The road to the valley is said to be in very good condition and the number of motorists going in for a several days' camping and fishing trip is said to be far greater than in any preceding year.

MASCOTS BARRED FROM CAMP KEARNY

(Continued from Page 11)

Originally the goat was the property of a farmer up near Salinas, California. Along one day came "Hen" Berry, manager of the Seals, and he took such a liking to the animal that he absconded with it. Later when arrested and haled into court he explained that he had just wanted the animal for a mascot. The goat was finally purchased and turned over to the signal battalion.

The goat has been captured and recaptured by various organizations of the Fortieth Division and especially during last winter's baseball season was the rivalry for possession of the goat intense. From the signal battalion the animal went to Mary Pickford's regiment, the He-Men. One dark night a bunch of Grizzlies stole him and a few weeks later he passed into possession of an infantry regiment. The signal men have at last got him back and they vow they are going to hang on to him.

A story more sad is that of "Snap," turtle mascot of one of the batteries of the One Hundred Forty-third Field Artillery. In his early days of life at Camp Kearny, Snap was much loved by his comrade artillerymen, but he never reciprocated the affection. In fact, he was positively ill-natured and at times he attempted to bite his kind benefactors. Finally the men of the battery held a council of war and after court-martialling the turtle, sentenced him to be boiled and eaten. It was in this way that "Snap" paid back in part his indebtedness to his battery comrades.

Dogs of all kinds are to be found on the mascot roster. The most famous of the canines are probably those sent down from Pasadena by Mrs. Anita Baldwin. The animals were pedigreed war dogs and for their training were assigned to the One Hundred Forty-fourth Field Artillery.

Consternation at Camp Kearny has been caused by the recent order directing that company and regimental organizations get rid of their mascots as soon as it is feasible for them to do so. The soldiers are glum. For to be separated from their pets is as hard as the breaking of home ties. It is not known how many animals will be affected by the new order but it is probable that most of the mascots will have to go. The men of the Fortieth Division will have to fight their battles and bear their troubles alone.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 17)

to later go on to New York to visit her husband's parents. Lieutenant Duffie has just been decorated with La Croix de Guerre, the honor being bestowed upon the young officer for his great bravery throughout the entire month of June, during which time he risked his life to save the lives of women and children and the aged men of the little French cities in the line of the German onslaught.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, of Western avenue and West Adams street, are planning, with their little daughter, Louise, to pass a part of August at Catalina Island. The Fitzgeralds' picturesque lodge up in the Tejunga will, however, share their time during the remainder of the summer months. Recently they had as their guests there, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, whose own beautiful ranch home is near San Gabriel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Denman and their two children are enjoying the summer months at Balboa Beach, where they are domiciled in their own attractive seaside home.

Mrs. W. H. Anderson, of 4300 Victoria Drive, entertained a coterie of friends Monday evening last with a dinner party at the Jonathan Club, the affair being in compliment to their daughter, Miss Eleanor Anderson, who is home from Stanford University. Following the dinner the guests were taken to the Orpheum.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

THAT large proportion of the United States which is interested in music will watch with attention that part of Congressional procedure in the next month or two which is devoted to the tax bill. It is proposed to tax musical instruments and concerts twenty per cent, as among other "non-essentials." The idea is not only to raise revenue, which we all agree is necessary, but to discourage the purchase of luxuries and non-essentials, which is the classification the far-visioned Congressmen place on music.

President Wilson, Secretary Baker, General Pershing and the whole host of those who would keep up the morale of the soldiers and the spirit of the people are calling for music and yet more music. There has come an urgent call for musical instruments for the camps. Pershing says music is as necessary as ammunition. General Bell says you can't whip a singing army. The War Department has taken the advice of European Allies and has given official urge and standing to musical activities in the camps and has doubled the size of the Army bands.

And now come under-officials of the Treasury department and recommend the passage of a revenue bill which would place a twenty per cent tax on the sale of musical instruments and on all concert tickets, the prime purpose of which is, and the undoubted effect of which would be, to discourage all activity in this line.

There is a call for musical instruments from every camp, from every ship, from every hospital—and alas, how much of a call there will be from the many hospitals that will be filled in this country and in France, all too soon. "Music, send us music" comes the cry. "Tax all the instruments and the artists," is the response of the Treasury. "They are non-essentials; discourage them; tax them out of existence." What an absurd, what a lamentable, what a pitiable state of affairs. It shows how near-sighted our hired officials are.

AND they are near-sighted in another respect. The artists have paid immense sums as income tax this year. Just to mention two: Caruso paid \$59,000 and John McCormack paid about \$75,000—and they paid cheerfully. Multiply this, in a smaller way, by the thousands all over the country. Now let us see how this proposed tax will affect that income tax.

A concert ticket that formerly cost \$3 would cost \$3.60; generally they go in pairs, at \$7.20. That would mean that one-third of the attendants would take cheaper seats and that another third would not buy at all; probably a loss of fifty per cent to the manager. Consequently, he could not afford to present any artists but the most expensive, and then with the certainty of a much reduced profit. Take it here in Los Angeles. Manager Behymer tells me he would have to cancel his contracts with two-thirds of his artists. And that is a condition that represents the whole country, except for the "big ten" artists, and their time easily could be filled in the East, leaving none for the West.

Consequently, the artists having their incomes reduced to small figures, the Government would lose millions of dollars of income tax. The people would lose the music. The very propaganda that is being made for more music would be nullified to a large extent by the Government itself. For it can not be controverted that one of the greatest *stimuli* toward more music and better music is hearing artists in concert and through the phonographic medium—and both are to be taxed twenty per cent, if our Treasury has its way. England is content to tax music three or four per cent. Our Treasury wants twenty.

YOUR phonograph is a non-essential, did you know it? I will admit that a lot of the records are entirely non-essential—but the owner enjoys them, and some day he will want better ones. You were going to give that phonograph to the hospital and get another one. Now you feel that you can't afford to buy another. Instead of \$50, its price is \$60. And records; you were going to give a dozen to the camps; but it would cost

you \$5 more than formerly to replace them and in the face of higher living expenses, you stick to the old ones and the camp goes without, so far as you are concerned.

And you wanted to buy the girl a piano. Only a \$400 one and in payments at that. But you can't see how to raise nearly \$500; and at any rate while the President says "art must be kept alive," some Assistant Treasurer says it is a non-essential. So you decide it will be "non-piano." And the same way about that violin for the boy. You can afford a \$40 one, but can't see your way to raise it to fifty, so you get a \$5 ukelele tinkle-plunk—and stagnate his musical desires with that.

THE amateurs who made our previous tax bill again are dabbling and unfortunately, they are in power. The tax absurdities are doubtless to be repeated, for we have no thoroughly expert tax department. They estimated that each tax would bring certain amounts of revenue. And in practically every case their estimates were far from the actuality. Some

fell off ten per cent, some twenty per cent, and others, larger amounts. Now notice: an authority tells me—I do not profess to be one of the tax sharps—that the tax returned on entertainments was four hundred per cent higher than the estimate. Wasn't that a fine guess?

So these gentlemen say, "Music is our good thing. Let's whack it again. If we raised ten millions with a ten per cent tax, we can raise twenty millions with twenty per cent." Why not go on and say they could raise a hundred millions with a 100 per cent tax? It is just like saying, "We want the people to learn to like corn-meal. The President and Hoover say it is good for them. So we will help the propaganda by taxing corn meal twenty per cent."

I said the concert manager would risk giving concerts only by the highest priced stars. But could he get them? Out of about 400 calls for John McCormack last year, about three-fourths were from the Eastern one-quarter of the United States. So why should he come west? If this tax goes through, the outlook for concerts next season is not bright. And if I had a stock of new pianos to sell I think I would have the biggest kind of a "forced sale" right now. Second hand ones will go easier.

But the law is not enacted yet. It still has to run the gauntlet of Congress. And if all the Congressmen were as level-headed as our own H. Z. Osborne, such a foolish proposition would be kicked out of the

House. If the musical people had any organization it might be easier to impress these conditions on Congress, but as it is, it is only by a protest to individual Congressmen that they will feel the attitude of the people.

THE original of the picture on this page is Miss Alice E. Harrison, who recently has come from "a place that is hotter than this"—that is to say Honolulu, where she has held leading musical positions for the past three years. Miss Harrison is an organist and accompanist and as such enters the ranks of Los Angeles musicians. I have looked over a sheaf of her programs and note they are as good as those given at the recent Music Teachers' Convention. Miss Harrison had about fifteen years' experience in Chicago and Evanston before going to the land of the Uke, Lei and Aloha, and is thoroughly competent to hold a place on the organ bench of any church or to act as accompanist for any artist. I do not think one of her equipment and personality will be long unoccupied in Los Angeles.

Calls for accomplished and competent accompanists are becoming more and more frequent in this city, where good music is being heard constantly, even if it is a fact that many people of this city do not appreciate at its true value the advance made in music here during the past few years,



ALICE E. HARRISON

ORGANIST AND ACCOMPANIST, NOW LOCATED IN LOS ANGELES, FOR SEVERAL YEARS A LEADING MUSICIAN IN HONOLULU

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 13)

comfortable chair. He successfully brings the Muse to dwell indoors with the ruminating clock and the vigorous porridge; but the traditional cuckoo of English landscape is never far away, and talkative oaks whisper in at the windows. It is, however, in his personification of household things, in his evocation of the Lares and Penates to become our homely friends, that his surest powers lie.

John Masfield is still questing after Beauty past rotten flesh and salty cells, with a brave heart; but why convert the already beautiful Shakespearian sonnet into a doubtful knight-errant? He smells of the test-tube.

In Babylon, a poem by Ralph Hodgson, is a splendid indictment against the gentle sirs who catalogue and pigeon-hole the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome. His gypsy girl, with lumps of gold at her ears, is a charming picture. The pastorals of John Drinkwater are as pleasant as his green gems on the apple tree, and *The Cotswold Farmers* is a fine poem of folk who plow furrows without a share, and milk a fairy cow. The work of Walter de la Mare is inadequately represented, for his *Old Susan*, *The Listeners*, *Mercutio*, as well as many from Peacock Pie (a new Mother Goose) rank high above the average of the volume. *Georgian Poetry 1916-1917* includes several other writers. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

L. F. M.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton was hostess at a prettily appointed tea party given last Friday afternoon in compli-

ment to Mrs. Charles Moreland Nebeker, formerly Miss Virginia Walsh, who is visiting here from El Paso, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh. Mrs. Stanton's other guests were Mrs. Harry Borden, Mrs. Edwin Stanton, Mrs. George Wallace, Mrs. Lloyd Mills, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Roy Bailey, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Kelsey, Mrs. Dexter Mapel, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Miss Dorothy Lindley and Miss Lucile Ballard.

Cruising about the bay and harbor at Coronado Sunday afternoon, enjoying the aquaplaning, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton entertained a merry party aboard the *Glorietta*. Mrs. Hamilton with her two daughters, Happy and Grace, came down to Coronado to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels. Others included were Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Sidney J. McDonogh, Mrs. Ernest R. Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marguerite Brunswig, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Florence Daniels, Miss Emily Tubbs, Mr. Arthur Cahill, Lieut. Tom Alton, Jr., and Lieut. William Von Phul, Jr.

Mrs. John I. Cassidy and her sister, Miss Esther Prager, who have been at Coronado since early in the spring, gave a motor launch party several evenings ago, supper being served on board, and the party returned in time for an hour's dancing. Those included were Miss Cecelia Kays, Miss Florence Kays, Miss Grace Rosenfeld, Mrs. William Abeal, Miss Frances Harmon, Captain J. B. Slimmons, Lieutenant Lindsay, Miss Katherine Camp, Lieut. C. A. C. Tolman, Captain W. H. Lillie, Lieut. Hayes, Lieut. Earl M. Hoisington, and Lieut. Edward W. Andrews.

(Continued on page 25)

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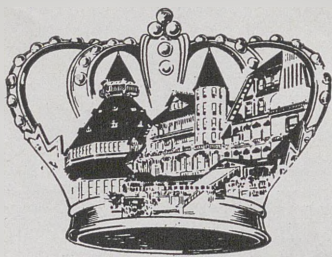
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CORONADO NOTES

By JUANA NEAL LEVY

TENNIS, golf and aquaplaning are the sports which are claiming the attention of the guests at Hotel del Coronado this summer, scarcely a day passing without some one of these entertainments being indulged in and many days all three claiming a share of the time.

With the moon at its brightest, moonlight motor boat parties on the bay and out into the harbor have been given, one of the most enjoyable being that with which Miss Grace La Mae Noe entertained, the guests leaving the Coronado Boat House at nine o'clock and returning to the Hotel in time for an hour's dance in the Casino. Those

Other Angelenos who motored down to Coronado for rest and recreation included Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson and Miss Hill; Mr. and Mrs. George Mosher and Miss Helen Mosher; Mr. and Mrs. Leon T. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wallis, Miss Harvie Wallis, Miss Ethelyn Wallis, Miss Byrd Wallis and L. M. Knox, Mrs. Chester W. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Miller, Miss Esther Miller; Mrs. M. J. Pellessier and her daughter, Mrs. Hoyt Mitchell, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. F. P. Wolcott and Mrs. Edward Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Melville T. Whitaker, Miss Pansy Whitaker, Miss Edith Westover and Mrs. W. H. Normand.



Harold S. Taylor

GROUP AT CORONADO RED CROSS DRIVE

LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. AUSTIN L. SANDS (MARRIANNA FULLAM), HER SON FREDERICK SANDS, HER PARENTS, REAR ADMIRAL AND MRS. WILLIAM F. FULLAM, AND MISS RHODA FULLAM

included were Captain and Mrs. B. F. Hoge, Miss Cecelia Kays, Miss Irene Greunbaum, Miss Florence Kays, Miss Christine R. McCordio, Mrs. Samuel E. Carpenter, Mrs. W. B. Saterlee, Mrs. B. E. Nace, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Beecher, Miss Marie Dunn, Miss Marjorie Dunn, Miss Ayre, Lieutenant J. S. North, Lieutenant T. D. McAdam, Lieut. William Noble, Lieut. Orville Theodore Colby, Lieut. Stanley J. Moissant, Neville R. Stephens and Earl Dougherty.

Many motor lovers have taken advantage of the glorious weather to spin down to Hotel del Coronado for the week ends among those here recently being Mr. and Mrs. Jack A. Jevne, who accompanied by Mrs. Peters, her son, and Mrs. Katherine Howze, arrived Friday afternoon, joining Mrs. Herman Janss and Louise who are passing the summer there.

FROM a city with an ordinary social outlook, San Diego has developed into one of the leading army, navy and aviation war training centers in the west, during the past year. Camp Kearny with its thousands of western boys, North Island the home of the government's largest trick aviation school, Balboa Park where in 1915-1916 the Panama California International Exposition provided entertainment for several millions of people, now the home of the Twenty First Infantry and naval training school, have not only in themselves made San Diego of interest, but in their personnel and the friends and relatives of their personnel, they have boosted San Diego to the pinnacle of California's social column.

From the U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego's army and navy headquarters, comes news of recent happenings of

interest. The colorful military, naval and aviation supper-dances held nightly in the U. S. Grant auditorium have been the source of many smart affairs. Among the most recent was the supper dance given by Mrs. William D. Brotherton, wife of Captain Brotherton, U. S. N., commandant of the Balboa Park Naval Training Station. Like all San Diego's fetes, it was strictly informal, a patriotic atmosphere being lent it through the novel presentation of thrift stamp books as favors.

Mrs. Robert Huntington, wife of Lieutenant "Bob" Huntington, of the 143rd Field Artillery, is another member of the army-navy colony which is

day night weekly affairs being sponsored by Mme. Pourie and Mrs. Foulois. As Mrs. Foulois is the wife of Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois, chief of the allied aviation service abroad, it was indeed fortunate that her interest in the series was secured. Mme. Pourie, who is without a doubt the most popular member of the U. S. Grant's foreign colony, is the wife of Lieutenant J. Pourie, of Paris, now specializing in aerial gunnery instruction work at North Island. With two such socially prominent and aviation prominent sponsors, the fete could not help being successful, each Tuesday night now finding the smart auditorium



MRS. W. D. BROTHERTON

WIFE OF CAPTAIN W. D. BROTHERTON, COMMANDANT OF THE BALBOA PARK NAVAL TRAINING STATION, SAN DIEGO, WHOSE INTEREST IN THE SERIES OF WAR GAYETIES AT THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL HAS FEATURED MANY INTERESTING AFFAIRS

taking such a prominent place in the U. S. Grant's social life. Mrs. Huntington's active interest in Red Cross Shop work has made her one of the Grant's war relief leaders, her interesting Red Cross Shop Fete in the U. S. Grant auditorium when the novelty stock of the Shop was sold to the supper dancers by members of the war training city's younger set, scoring one of the biggest hits of the season.

Among the most recent arrivals at the U. S. Grant whose prominence in social and war relief work is of interest, are Mrs. Benjamin D. Foulois, Mme. J. Pourie, and Mrs. S. O. Fuqua. These charming army folk were responsible for the success of the "Aviation Fetes" at the U. S. Grant auditorium, the first of this series of Tues-

packed with aviators and their friends. Mrs. Fuqua is the wife of Colonel S. O. Fuqua of the general staff, France, and is not only responsible for much of San Diego's social success, but also for many interesting war relief affairs which have netted various funds financial results decidedly worth while. It is understood that Mrs. Fuqua and Mrs. Foulois will occupy one of San Diego's pretty bungalows during the Fall and Winter.

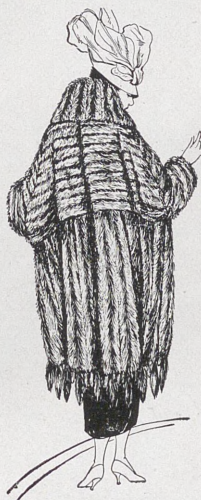
Heading San Diego's naval aviation circles is Mrs. C. R. Farmer, of San Francisco, whose husband is an ensign in the flying corps at North Island, and who has been feteing and feted constantly during her stay at the U. S. Grant.

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WEEK BEGINNING JULY 29

Mr. Martin Beck Presents MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, Aug. 5 to 7, "Du Theatre au Champ D'Honneur..."; Aug. 8 to 11, "Camille" MAYO & LYNN, Racy Conversation DREW & WALLACE, "At the Soda Fountain" THREE QUIJOS, Masters of Equilibrium ALBERT DONNELLY, Silent Humorist CARL McCULLOUGH, Footlight Impressions EDDIE CARR & CO., "Office Boy" RUTH BUDD, Girl with a Smile

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

NO less the artist at 73 than in the years of her youth, Madame Sarah Bernhardt greatly pleases Orpheum audiences this week in her little war play, written for her by an officer of the French army, and entitled "From the Theater to the Field of Honor." The wonderful thing about her art is that those who do not understand her words never are bewildered about the action of the play.

The Orpheum auditorium is decked with flags of the allied nations, in honor of the appearance of the noted French woman, and there is an awed expectancy apparent when the brief synopsis of the play is flashed on the curtain from a stereopticon, and fades out to permit the curtain to rise on the scene. Bernhardt is a soldier of France, wounded on the field of battle, and now leaning against the trunk of a tree that has been shattered by the shells of the enemy. The young soldier is mortally wounded, and never leaves the place where he is discovered during the whole action of the play.

The voice of the great actress is still wonderful—vibrant, sibilant, thrilling. Every little gesture, every movement, every posture, speaks something. Her very silences are dramatic. She is still the Sarah Bernhardt of old.

The little play is very convincing, although we cannot help the feeling that it was written just for her.

A full house has greeted each of the performances thus far, and doubtless will continue throughout the engagement of two weeks.

It is very probable that this will be the last appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt in this city. Many social events have made her visit here pleasurable, and much attention has been paid to her, because of this lamentable fact.

"WATCH Your Neighbor," billed as a comedy, and put on the stage of the Morosco Theater for the first time, with several members of the Morosco Stock Company in the cast, proved one of the big hits of the summer season in Los Angeles. It was written by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens, both of whom appear in it—especially Leon Gordon.

This thing, however, is not a comedy. Whoever wrote the matter on the billing and in the advertisements of it, does not know what a comedy is. This piece was written for drama, and the chances are that Mr. Morosco, or his local manager, maybe, compelled the authors to call it a comedy, and it is also fair to the authors to suppose that they were compelled to inject more comedy into it, after they had supposed they were all through with the writing of it, by someone who imagines that the Morosco patrons want comedy and nothing else. But the fact is that the story itself is not a comedy. There is nothing funny about the plot nor the situations, nor the greater portion of the action. The comedy all is contained in the dialogue and the part played by Mr. Leon Gordon, one of the authors, himself, and this part sticks out from all the others like a sore thumb.

Mr. Gordon is a great comedian—hence the comedy. So here we have a comedian assisting in the writing of a drama, and putting into this drama all of the comedy he could get away with himself, and a little more. And then we find the producer advertising the whole thing as a comedy. But what's the difference, anyhow? The thing is a delight. It is very clever. The pity is that it will be ephemeral. It is based on the excited, feverish, overdrawn and highly imaginative stuff the newspapers were filled with during the first months of the great war in Europe; the major part of which we now know to have been born in the over-wrought imaginations of newspaper and magazine writers who, unable to obtain facts, were able to substitute imagination that could be made to read like fact.

Even this, however, does not take much from the interest of the play, and the padding of clever comedy, aside from that contained in the part played by the author and leading character, is not harmful, even if it does seem somewhat out of place.

Leon Gordon, as Captain Bennet, is nearly the whole thing, however,

and Morosco patrons may have been a little disappointed that Bertha Mann and Richard Dix were not given such opportunities as their capabilities as players demand.

The thing to consider, however, is that such plays give promise of wonderful things to come after the war. Now the prospective is altogether too narrow and short to permit of a great war play, but there is in "Watch Your Neighbor" a promise of something big to come.

A WONDERFULLY interesting photoplay, "We Can't Have Everything" is now playing at the Kinema and will be shown for the last time Saturday, August 3. It is adapted from Rupert Hughes' story and directed by Cecil B. de Mille. As the title indicates, we can't have everything, but we get just about all that is entertaining in this picture and it makes a splendid picture. The Shennanigan Kids, animated cartoon comedy, the News Weekly, Grace Renee Close, soloist, the Kinema Orchestra in concert overtures, and the war news, complete an ideal show. Starting Sunday, August 4, the Kinema will offer Madge Kennedy in "The

Service Star," one of the sweetest stories ever told about the 'flag of all mothers.'



MADGE KENNEDY
IN "THE SERVICE STAR," AT THE KINEMA

MADAME Sarah Bernhardt will present for the second and final week of her engagement at the Orpheum Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, her present vehicle, and, beginning Thursday, the last act of Dumas' celebrated drama, *La Dame aux Camélias* (Camille), in which she will appear as Marguerite Gautier, a character which she has made essentially her own and which is on record as the most exquisite display of pathos the stage has ever known. Mayo and Lynn will indulge in a racy conversation which is replete with wit and humor and enables them to present an original form of comedy which is highly diverting. Albert Donnelly, the silent humorist, manipulates his fingers so that their shadows upon a screen become various characters, necessary to story telling. Lowell B. Drew and Vesta Wallace will appear in a flirtation fizz called "At the Soda Fountain," which is a clever and witty medium for the introduction of song, dance and patter, in which both artists excel. The Three Quillos are equilibrists of extraordinary skill and daring who present a novel and thrilling act, which surpasses anything of its kind previously witnessed in this branch of theatricals. The bill also includes Carl McCullough, Ruth

Budd, and Eddie Carr & Co.

AS this issue of THE GRAPHIC is largely given to the motion pictures I want to quote here an editorial from the Pasadena Star, as follows: "Isn't there any such thing as a new plot for a moving picture thriller scenario? One is led to think there is not, after seeing the same stereotyped work of the heavy villain foiled one minute before the fatal bomb is to explode. The hero or heroine goes tearing through the streets and over rough fields to arrive at the munitions plant just in time to avert the tragedy. Why not some new angle to these hackneyed plots?"

Now, in regard to this slump in attendance at motion picture play houses, it has often been said, of late, that the war is the whole cause of it. Well, I am inclined to believe this to be so. I think the war has served to bring us all to a stern realization of how purile and low-grade many things we were running after were, and the majority of motion picture productions were on the list. The war, or rather, the consequences of it, made us think of many things in a different way than we had been doing. It showed up the inanities of the motion picture plays, their shallowness, their purility, and so we quit them.

But I am inclined to think, also, that it will be a good thing for the so-called silent drama, in the long run. From this time on more care—much more care—will have to be taken in the selection of the stories, and in the making of the plays. The war has shown up the slush. It will not sell any more.



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WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 21)

Mr. James Martin joined his family at Hotel del Coronado Friday afternoon, passing the week end there. He was accompanied on the trip down by Mrs. Marcus Marshall who went to join her husband, who arrived Wednesday from Boston where he had been taking a special course in naval aviation. Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Schoder and their daughter Polly, also joined the Martins for the week-end at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Schoder and Mrs. Martin are sisters. Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Martin gave an informal dinner party, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schoder, Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Haver, Miss Margaret Martin and Miss Polly Schoder. Mrs. James Rathwell Page also passed the week-end at the famous watering place, Lieutenant Page motoring over from Camp Kearny to join her.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edgar Llewellyn were among the Angelenos who motored down Saturday afternoon to Hotel del Coronado, returning home Monday. They were accompanied by their daughters, Misses Virginia and Dorothy Llewellyn and Mrs. Mary V. Cobleigh. The Llewellyns are frequent visitors at Hotel del Coronado, motoring down many times during the season for several days' outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Napoleon Brunswig and their attractive daughter, Miss Marguerite Brunswig, and her house guest, Miss Rosario Moran, enjoyed a brief sojourn at Hotel del Coronado motoring down Friday afternoon and returning home Monday. On their return trip they were accompanied by Mrs. Ernest R. Folger of San Francisco and her two daughters, Miss Betty Folger and Miss Elena Folger, who had been at the favorite resort for several weeks and were en route home.

HOTELS & RESORTS

(Continued from Page 23)

With the daily arrival of enlisted men and officers at the various camps, San Diego's army and navy colony is constantly growing. From a series of semi-weekly affairs at the start of the season, the social program has jumped to featuring some interesting gayety at each U. S. Grant auditorium nightly supper dance and Wednesday and Saturday afternoon tea dance. At last week's Saturday afternoon tea dance, Mrs. Jas. S. McKnight, the charming wife of Major McKnight, commander of the 160th Infantry, Camp Kearny, introduced the much talked of "aviation tea." Between dances, Mrs. McKnight's guests enjoyed the novelty of watching the bird men overhead in spectacular aviation maneuvers, the tea being one of the most original affairs of the season. "Aviation teas" are now quite popular, word coming from the U. S. Grant that the coming week features many of these novel afternoon affairs. At present the uncertainty of the stay of the Camp Kearny officers and men is fanning San Diego's social program into a high flame of activity, the possibility of their leaving providing the reason for many of the special fetes.

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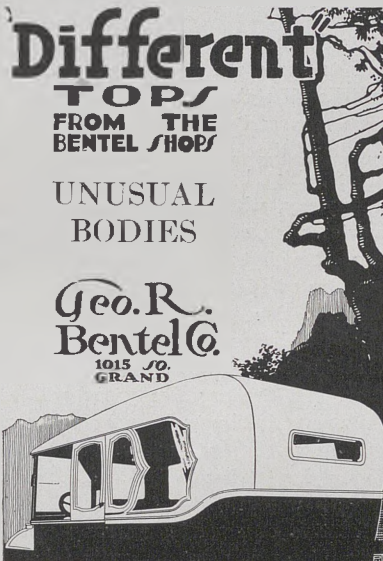
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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MOVIES?

(Continued from page 15)

gain certain effects, have the same re-
action on the reader's mind that going
into the kitchen of a restaurant would
be apt to have on a hungry patron; it
dulls the appetite. Certainly people
want to know how pictures are made—
it tickles the vanity immensely to be
able to say to an admiring friend—
"that jump from the cliff?—no, that's
not real, I'll tell you just how it's
done—" but the thrill is gone forever
when the public has a too intimate
knowledge of the mechanics of the pic-
tures. A recent "still" of Bessie Bar-
riscale shows her as Joan of Arc, seat-
ed in the saddle of a "horse" made by
a board held up by two property men.
As only the upper part of the heroine
was to show, the film, when produced,
will be all right—but not to those who
have seen and remembered that "still"
showing the absurd combination of
armor, skirt, board, and property men.

Anyway, whatever the faults of the
movies, they are on the upward grade,
even though to some pessimistic fans
the rate of speed is not perceptible. In
the last five years, the industry has
established itself as having a definite
part in the lives of people the world
over, and another five years will see
them as intellectual, spiritual, and
artistic guides for society. When this
slump has defined itself clearly to
those powerful in the film world as an
indication of something wrong within,
as well as without, a spring house-
cleaning will begin to get rid of the
accumulated clutter of flaws. When
that time comes, there will be a ren-
aissance of the silver screen, and the
silent drama will come into its own.

NEW BLOOD IN THE SCENARIO GAME

(Continued from Page 10)

get wise to the fact that the public is
exceedingly tired of having such a line
of stuff peddled out to them. They
hate to pay for this class of free adver-
tising, rather expecting a square deal
in news value instead of such useless
piffle.

Now, in a nutshell, the dramatic critic
don't know any more about what he is
giving us, than we of the poor, deluded
and horn-swoggled public do. The line
of stuff is uninteresting and quite mis-
leading. The public don't want it. The
dramatic critics are quite liable to
know more about the mechanism of an
army rifle than they are about Terpsi-
chorean Revels given by the Ballet
Russe. It would be a mental relief to
know that all dramatic critics had gone
to war, (with the exception of a few of
the older ones, who are generally harm-
less) or had left the paper which they
wrote on for far more important
themes.

Owing to the shortage of paper it
would not be in the least a hardship
to forego the usual bit of fanciful
beautitudes which fill the pages of ev-
ery daily in the entire "civilized" coun-
try, and at the same time help the Gov-
ernment work out the economical part
of its schedule.

Yes, dramatic critics should either

Work or Fight, and the only work in
connection with a dramatic critic's job
is in reading the bosh after it is print-
ed. Of course, it is handy to have
passes for all the shows in town, and I
confess that I have enjoyed some fine
shows on such passes, but it has been in
some measure condoning the unforgiv-
able sins of the dramatic critics.
Enough said. I know what I know.

Pardon, just a word more. If there
be such misguided souls as earnestly
require the latest news of the doings
of the screen favorites and other buf-
foons of the picture field I would point
them to the numerous Foto-Play Maga-
zines. There they may feast their eyes
in perpetual joy on the beautiful fea-
tures of the stars and read the beauti-
fully written licensed fiction of the
denizens of the studio. Once more,
enough said.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Continued from page 3)

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

August 10. The date for the annual
summer outing of the Iowa Associa-
tion has been set for Saturday, August
10, and will be held at Bixby Park,
Long Beach. It will be an all day pic-
nic, with basket dinners at noon. Pres-
ident Hopkins will preside and Judge
Frederick W. Houser will respond to
the address of welcome.

GOLF

Month of August. At Coronado
Country Club a prize will be given to
the lady making lowest aggregate on
five unknown holes during the month.
The holes for competition will be writ-
ten down and handed to the Secretary
in sealed envelope, on August 1st. One
score each week allowed. Four scores
for month.

Men's Golf events at Midwick Coun-
try Club. Club Cup every Saturday
afternoon. War Savings Sweepstakes
every Wednesday afternoon.

Women's Golf events at Midwick
Country Club. A Club Cup will be
given when entries warrant.

The Swimming Pool at the Midwick
Country Club will be available for use
every day except Monday.

August 3, 5, 6, 7, 8. Coronado Sum-
mer Golf Championship. Qualifying
round of 36 holes played August 3rd.
First and second rounds of 18 holes
played August 5th and 6th. Semi-
finals of 36 holes played August 7th.
Finals of 35 holes played August 8th.
Matches to be played in the mornings.
There will be flights for each sixteen.
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